The Mirror of Life

ACCURATE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE LEADING EVENTS OF THE DAY

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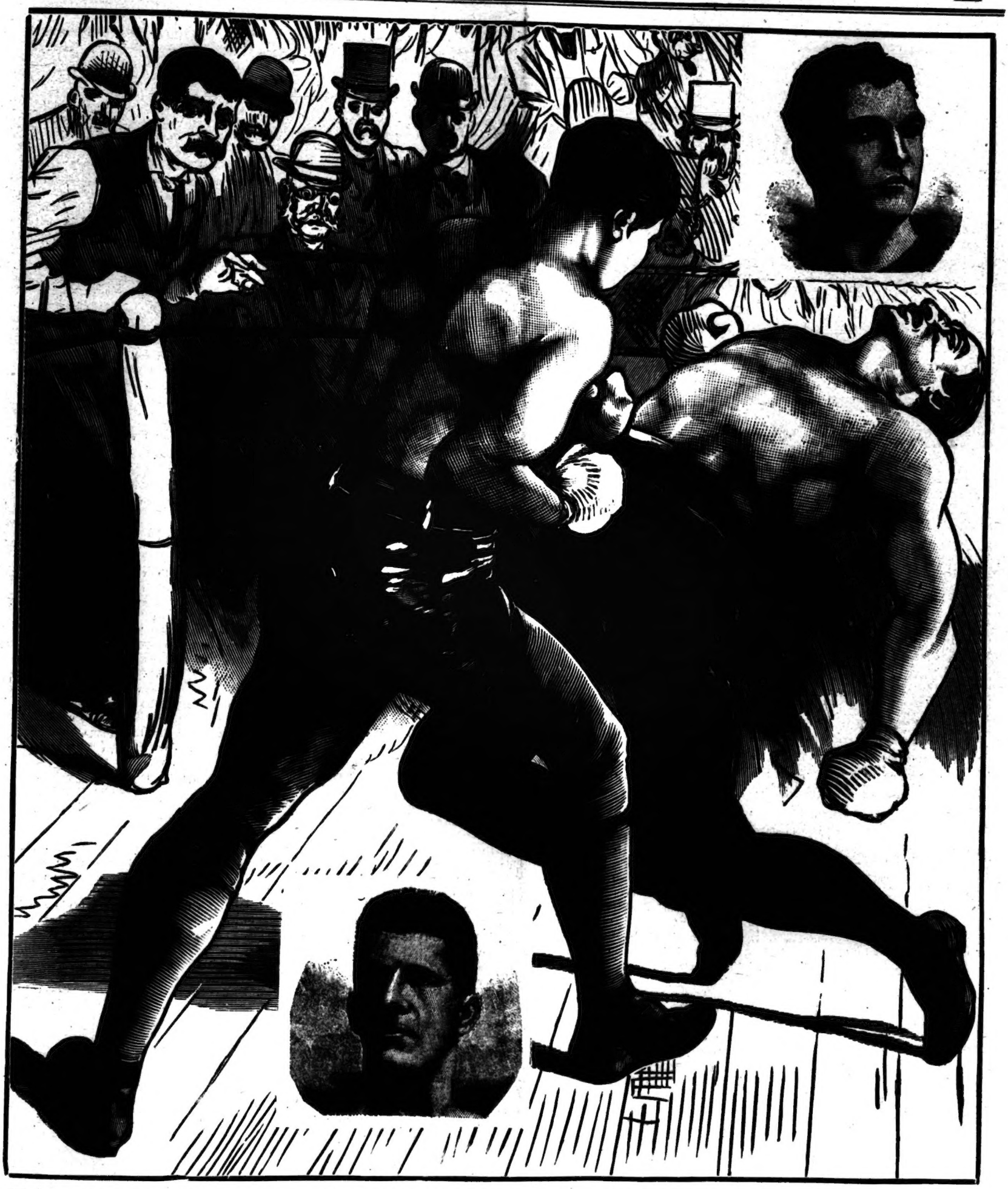

THE FIGHT FOR THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD,

Between James J. Jeffries and James J. Corbett, at the Seaside Club, Coney Island, U.S.A.

The Mirror of Life
ACCURATE ILLUSTRATION OF PASSING EVENTS OF THE DAY
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All communications must be accompanied by the sender's name and address to ensure absolute confidence, and addressed to the Editor, and no answers will be sent by post, "The Mirror of Life," Ltd., 172, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Pugilist (Glasgow).—Sharkey and Jeffries fought 20rds—Sharkey 12st 3lb, Jeffries 15st 3lb. Height: Sharkey 5ft 8¼in, Jeffries 6ft 1in; chest contracted: Sharkey 42¼in, Jeffries 42¾in; chest expanded: Sharkey 47¼in, Jeffries 46¾in; chest normal: Sharkey 44½in, Jeffries 44in.

Ben Hogan.—You lose. Bob Fitzsimmons was not born June 4, 1862. He was born at Helston, Cornwall, May 26, 1863.

J. E. A. (Glasgow).—1. Tod Sloan was born on August 10, 1873. 2. From Indiana, U.S.A.

A. B. (H.M.S. Isis).—Tommy White was defeated in 20rds by George Dixon at Denver, Colorado, U.S.A., July 11, 1899.

M. Flynn (Tralee, Ireland).—Constant standing is decidedly weakening and likely to produce varicose veins. Evidently a long distance does not suit you. Confine yourself to half-mile or quarter-mile running. You should constantly practise the distance you have chosen as your best, and if possible use the shower-bath after your exertions. Carefulness in diet, flesh meat (not white meats), a quart of fluid per diem, and a very small amount of vegetable at dinner.

W. J. Curtiss (Archway Road).—Thanks for letter.

Constant Reader (H.M.S. Collingwood).—Dan Leno has long since resigned. There are many claimants to the title of champion clog dancer. About the most accomplished is Martin Mella, who some time since performed at Sadlers' Wells Theatre.

W. Milton.—Robert the Devil won in stakes at two years, £2,279; at three, £12,571; at four, £3,004 10s.

C. Crane.—1. His height was 6ft 3½in. 2. Parramatta River.

H. H.—No, his father rode Little Charley.

F. Harvey.—The earliest fistic champions were Figg and Broughton.

R. O. S.—1. They fought with skin gloves. 2. Twenty-seven rounds.

H. Green.—You should practise with a youth of your own height and weight.

W. P. Strong.—1. "Spike" Sullivan is an Irishman. 2. Born at Knockmanoffe, Ireland. 3. America.

H. J. Redmond.—He must not exceed 8st 4lb in weight.

A. A.—Every Monday throughout the season.

Tarbotton.—At the Green Man, Edgware.

R. Dove.—First favourite, and won by a head.

M. S. (Banstead Downs).—John L. Sullivan, on his first public appearance in this country, at St. James's Hall, told Jem Smith he had come to this country for pleasure, but he should be pleased to meet him; but Smith never met Sullivan in the ring, boxing exhibition or otherwise.

Chas. Middleton (Isleworth).—Your report is unavoidably held over until next week.

Hubert Pierce (Paddington).—1. We do not cry second to any authority with regard to ring lore. As Tyson did not contradict the statement why should we when a man is about to take a benefit? One victory which the subject of your remarks laid claim to was one over Jack Drew; of this we were dubious. If you read our remarks correctly you would see in order to compare the man's own statement with the chronology of the Prize Ring we referred our readers to page 14 of "Fistiana." 2. We will publish your letter next week.

A. B. C.—Three sixes and a nine count twelve.

X.—He trained for both events at Brighton.

(Several Answers crowded out.)

REMARKS ON THE GREAT CHAMPION CONTEST.

A FIGHTER v. BOXER.

THE RINGING DOWN THE CURTAIN FOR THE BOXING SEASON AT THE N.S.C.

"PEDLAR" PALMER AND HARRY WARE.

TOMMY HOGAN AND BEN JORDAN IN TRAINING.

Last week we ventured to criticise the big fight anticipatory, and now the full, true, and particular account of the mill is before us events have panned out just as we anticipated in our last edition. A boxing match and a prize fight are two different things. Tom Sayers with the gloves on was a mug, with whom the still-living George Crockett could walk round like a cooper round a cask, but once let Tom Sayers play the game of knuckles up, Tom was the daddy of the whole crowd of English fighters. So it is with Jem Jeffries, with his huge hands and deeply-indented knuckles. It would be a horse to a hen on Jeffries in a knuckle fight with Corbett under prize ring rules, where getting a man in chancery and shattering falls are allowed, and Jem Corbett knew this. Like a wise general, Jem had a clause inserted in the articles that there should be no hitting in clinches, and the result of this was seen in the first portion of the fight, where a skilful boxer like Corbett had it all his own way, hitting where and when he liked, and repeatedly getting something for nothing. So much so that Jem Jeffries forgot the first essential of a pugilist and lost his temper. Although Jem Corbett was wise enough to insert the bar against, clinches in the articles, he was unwise in making a match to go such a long journey as twenty-five rounds with a boxer possessing the adamantine frame of a Jem Jeffries. At the expiration of twenty rounds, Jeffries was defeated on points, but Corbett had shot his bolt. In round twenty-two Corbett was seen to be weakening, and then came the big 'un's chance. In the twenty-second round Corbett for the first time found that his science was unavailing against the bear-like strength of Jem Jeffries. In this round for the first time the ex-smith's drummer hammers Corbett like a red-hot rivet. So fierce is Jeffries with his one, two, that Corbett makes the best use of the ring in order to avoid. If ever it came home to Corbett that he had done as much as mortal man could do to stem the tide and failed it did so in this round. This was the beginning of the end. Jeffries in this round knew he had his man safe, and Corbett knew he had lost a mighty battle. Twice did the ex-boiler-maker nail Corbett on the jugular with his left, Jem Corbett's dexter hand being powerless to prevent the crushing delivery, Corbett being so palpably weak that he allows Jeffries to dig his elbow bang into the apple of his (Corbett's) throat. This is the beginning of the end. A last expiring effort on the part of Corbett is the getting the left home twice in Jeffries's face and drawing the claret; but the hardy hammerman has his revenge. Bang goes that terrible left on Jem Corbett's small ribs, and just as "Gentleman" Jack is squirming from the pain, and drops his guard, Jeffries delivers his glove full in Corbett's face, sending his head back with such force that the spectators expected to see it flying from Corbett's shoulders. Nothing but a miracle could now give Jem Corbett the fight. Jeffries is the exemplification of the fact that a square-jawed man cannot be knocked out. Twenty times during this contest had Jem Corbett's fighting mauley found its way to the hammerman's jaw without result, and what chance was there now? Even to the most unpractised eye the fight was over, and the 60 per cent. of the receipts was as good as in Jeffries' pocket. What was visible to most persons after the twentieth round took place in the twenty-third. Too weak to resist, Corbett is borne by the superior weight of Jeffries to the ropes. Jeff then steps back to deliver, and with a blow that makes amends for the hundred and one jabs of Corbett, sends that boxer to the boards a prone and beaten man. There is no uncertainty in this punch. After contesting for twenty rounds in a vain endeavour to get at his man, Jeffries concentrates the strength of a Samson into one mighty hit. Corbett's head strikes the floor heavily, and the battle is won. An eternity of time would not have sufficed to bring Jem Corbett to his feet fit to renew the battle. While giving the loser every credit for his science and the game attempt he made to score a victory, we cannot refrain from expressing our admiration at the enormous physical power of the fighter Jem Jeffries. Jeffries was born a century too late. Had he been born in the palmy days of the prize-ring, when boxing gloves were only used for the purpose of preventing injury, what a scrapper among scrappers Jem Jeffries would have made. To clothe the hand of the hardy son of toil with padded boxing gloves is like covering the claws of a cat. To the delicate hands of the clerk boxing gloves are a distinct advantage, but to the man whose hands have blistered, and those blisters become corns, whose digits have extended and become bony and muscular by using the ponderous hammer, where do boxing gloves come in on hands like these, unless those gloves were the iron cestus affected by the Romans, or the knuckle-duster as affected by the American—and, for that matter, English—rowdy?

The curtain will be rung down for the last time this season on Monday next at the N.S.C. in a manner worthy of the traditions of the house in Covent Garden. Formerly a battle in which "Pedlar" Palmer took a hand was considered sufficiently attractive to bring a big crowd at big prices to the boxing headquarters of the metropolis; but on Monday evening next the bill of fare will be a three-course one selected from the best boxing ingredients in the metropolis. In addition to the contest for the English bantam championship there will also be one for the English feather-weight ditto; and what is more, the traditions of the N.S.C. will be kept up by this contest being an international one. Once upon a time there was a Jewish champion named Ben Bendoff, the uncle of the boxer Wolff Bendoff, who lived in the neighbourhood of Petticoat Lane, and was the Jewish champion. In High Street, Shoreditch, once upon a time there vended "whopping" mackerel and other kinds of delicacies when in season a big, six-foot costermonger named George Sims. The champions of Shoreditch and the "Lane," as represented by Ben Bendoff and George Sims, after an amount of newspaper chipping in the pages of old *Bell*, met to decide who should be champion of the district for the honour and a "pony" a-side. It was a very good battle while it lasted, but fortune decided in favour of the Shoreditch coster George Sims. Elated by his success, George began to fancy himself just a wee bit, and persuaded by his d—— kind friends he challenged the *great* little Tom Sayers, then just coming to the front. There is such a thing as class, which George soon found to his cost. Sims made a mess of Bendoff, but Sayers demolished the Shoreditch costermonger's pretension to first-class form in five minutes. When the "Laners" found Big George's pretension to championship form so rudely and quickly dispelled by a man so much smaller than himself they did not forget to congregate round Sim's pitch in the "Ditch" and "chip" him concerning his downfall. George, fairly worked up, replied: "That may be, but I beat your b—dy champion," alluding to the Jewish champion, Ben Bendoff. We were reminded of the above piece of ancient history when "Pedlar" Palmer recently during his management of the boxing show at Wonderland was taunted by some of the Jew boy pros. at his (Palmer's) one-round defeat by Terry McGovern. "Never mind," exclaimed "Pedlar," "whether I was beaten by Terry McGovern in one round. I got the money, and what is more I can beat any one of you bally Jew champions." History has thus repeated itself! The match between "Pedlar" Palmer and Harry Ware should be most interesting. Harry Ware is just as aggressive and just as strong (taking size into consideration) as Terry McGovern. Ware is not in the same class as Palmer as regards science, but the youth who has recently made Holcot, Northampton, his abiding place can give as well as take. "Pedlar" Palmer, whose forte is really a scientific one, is descended from one of the most ruffianly little fighters who ever lived. Readers of "Boxiana" will note, this in the account of Palmer otherwise "Scroggins." "Pedlar" Palmer is a lineal descendant of this same "Scroggins," whose ring motto was, "The bigger the man the better the mark." A strange thing about "Pedlar's" great-grandfather is that "Jack Scroggins, otherwise Palmer" did not enter the ring until he was pretty well advanced in years. He was nine years in the navy, on board of the Argo, a 44-gun ship, from which, strange to say, he was invalided. "Scroggins" weighed 11st, although barely as tall as his descendant "Pedlar." Indeed, his appearance in the ring was not unlike the stump of a tree. Smashing was great-grandfather Palmer's forte. His frame was round and hardy, and his mug impervious to the hardest punching. It seems strange that a man invalided from the "service" should have been the hardiest pugilist that the ring has ever known. Tom Spring was introduced to the P. R. under the patronage of Scroggins, the latter dying at the comparatively early age of forty-nine. Harry Ware is a Scroggins in miniature, and we have no doubt that this contest (Palmer v. Ware) will resolve itself into a match between strength and science. We should have no fear of the result could Palmer "hark back old Time" and appear in the ring as he did on his first contest with Billy Plimmer; but "Pedlar" has lived since then, and can never expect to put up his hands again as the accomplished boxer and merry-hearted simple lad of five years or more ago. Since those days Palmer has had a hot-house education, which has not been for his benefit, morally or physically.

The second match down for consideration at the N.S.C. on Monday next is an international one between Ben Jordan and Tommy Hogan. American judges of boxing material, who affect to despise most of the products of this once home of boxing and pugilism, have made one reservation, and that has been in favour of Ben Jordan; and we think rightly. Although we have never been favourably impressed with Ben Jordan's position as an exponent of the noble art, he has nevertheless managed to win two out of his three engagements with Americans — Tommy White, George Dixon, and Eddie Santry. In fact, it is openly stated that Ben Jordan might have won all three had he been a little less parsimonious in his way of training. "The best is not too good for me" should be the boxer's motto when he is preparing for a match, and it is false economy to put the screw on in the victualling department. We remember when old Jack Knifton was training at Wheathamstead for his match with Jem Smith, we stayed a night at the Park Hotel. The next morning at breakfast we tried to negotiate some of the meat sent down from London by a local butcher, one of Jack's friends. We found that this was cow beef utterly sapless, and on this a pugilist was expected to train for a championship fight. It is needless to say that after this the village butcher was in request. Jack Hicks (the old war horse, still alive), who was training Knifton, informed us of the above. Ben Jordan is at the present time training in close proximity to Tommy Hogan's abiding place at East Sheen. Ben is taking his breathings from the Duke's Head, Putney, a place where the larder is always satisfactory, and from which we expect Ben to emerge next Monday to fulfil his engagement like a giant refreshed.

It will be a new experience in the latter-day boxing career of Tommy Hogan to contest at such a reduced weight as 8st 12½lb. Tommy has been at the game too long (nearly ten years) not to know his constitution and what is its capacity as far as reduction is concerned. Having seen Tommy in the nude, we think in the hands of a drastic trainer he could easily accomplish a much lower weight; but the modern boxer is not built in the way to sustain the old-time training and come out with satisfactory results. When Tommy Hogan was recently interviewed by a Mirror of Life representative at the Derby Arms, East Sheen, proprietored by genial Sam Brown, Tommy was found to be eating like a navvy and working like a horse. Last week the American boxing representative was within three pounds of the weight at which he will meet Ben Jordan at the N.S.C., viz., 8st 12½lb. We thought little Johnny Murphy, who came over here to

meet "Pedlar" Palmer, had an ancient head upon his shoulders, but we think Tommy Hogan talks as oracularly as the late Jem Goode, sen.—and that is saying something. Tommy will, no doubt, come fit and well to scale; but we think he will miss his old trainer, Sam Fitzpatrick, as a guide, a counsellor, and a friend. A boxer like Tommy Hogan who has been at the game a long time does not need to be told to abstain from this or take on that. He acts, or should act, for himself, knowing the advantage of winning and the mortification of defeat. We have no doubt that Hogan and Jordan will put up a good battle, and we hope the best man will win. Should the Hogan v. Jordan and the Palmer v. Ware contests go their full length, the evening's entertainment will have a rather lengthy programme. Bill Wood and George Cunningham, two dependable boxers, are scheduled to go ten rounds, and then there is "other boxing." This looks like seeing "The wee sma hour ayent the twal."

MR. JOHN WARNER,

Proprietor of the New Garden Hotel, Kew.

(With Portrait.)

THE proprietor, Mr. John Warner, is a thorough-going sportsman, and is probably more familiar with all branches than the proprietor of any sporting resort in the world. For the past thirty years he was at the head of the Welsh Harp Hotel, Hendon, and by undue liberality in promoting events has made himself not only popular, but famous, too. Some of the greatest pigeon matches ever contested have taken place at that resort, and Mr. Warner himself possesses considerable ability in the shooting line, having won several challenge cups and numerous open sweepstakes. He takes a great deal of interest in local matters, and is conceded to be an authority on sporting in general. He is chairman of the Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society; besides, he has an aptitude for agriculture, holding land under the Earl of Temple, Ecclestiastical Commissioners, and all Souls' College.

AL NEILL.

The Coming Middle-Weight Champion of America, who Recently Defeated Tim Murphy, Champion of Australia.

(With Portrait.)

CALIFORNIA has produced another pugilistic world-beater in middle-weight Al Neill. Take him, pound for pound, he is as great a phenomenon as either of the heavy-weight champions who learned the rudiments of their business in the fistic kindergartens of San Francisco.

Defeated Thomas Pendergast, 4rds; draw with John Lahey, 4rds; defeated Soldier Green, 4rds; knocked out Young Fitzsimmons, 1rd; knocked out Joe Reay; draw with Frank McConnel, 20rds; defeated Tom Tracey, 20rds; beat George Green, 20rds; draw with Jack O'Brien, of Philadelphia, 20rds; knocked out Frank McConnel, 8rds; defeated Tim Murphy, champion of Australia, in 11rds.

A GROUP OF SPORTS AT SEA POINT HOTEL.

A Noted Sporting Hostelry at Cape Town.

(Subject of Illustration.)

GEORGE NETTLESHIP, "Our George," is the proprietor of the above hotel, and is largely interested in all South African sports, with Johnnie Lalor, ex-middle-weight champion of the army, late K.R.R., and Tom Rae, his trainer, and others.

VISITORS TO "THE MIRROR OF LIFE" OFFICE.

AMONG the prominent people who have visited us this week are:—

Sir Claude Champion De Crespigny.
Mr. Harry Rumbal (White House, Hackney Marshes).
Harry Connell (King's Cross).
Fred Williams (Somers Town).
Jem Barry (St. James's).
Jem Ball (Greenwich).
Mr. D. Holman (New Cross).
Joe Farrell (the vet M.C.).
Mr. Burkin (Tripe-dresser, Leather Lane).
Mr. Peter Dennis (Leather Lane).
Mr. E. Haysman (Leather Lane).
Mr. Draycott (Leather Lane).
Mr. Higgins (Leather Lane).
Mr. W. Fales (former proprietor of "Kid" McCoy's Mirror Cafe, New York City).
Hattie La Due (dancer).
Nellie Aitkins (dancer).
Tom Smith (Dublin).
Jack Gerry (Dublin).
Mike O'Brien (Dublin).
Jack Green (Liverpool).
Mr. Roland Ryley.
Daniel Young (Dublin).

AMERICAN GOSSIP.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

NEW YORK, May 12, 1900.

EDITOR, THE MIRROR OF LIFE, London.

LAST Wednesday it looked as if the fight between Jeffries and Corbett would fall through, owing to a difference between the principals as to who should act as referee. However, Charley White was finally chosen. This was decided on Thursday afternoon at a meeting of W. A. Brady and George Considine, managers of the two principals. Sporting men heard the news with a feeling of pleasure and relief. Sulphuric utterances and "final concessions" caused even the battle-scarred devotees of the boxing game to conclude that there would be trouble over this question. Jem Corbett gave in to champion Jeffries, and would-be referee Sam Austin (Baldy) will witness the contest as a guest only. Jeffries refused to fight under him, owing to bad decisions rendered by Austin in different contests. So "Baldy" had the cold shoulder, and Brady's brains scored again, and "Baldy's" portrait posing as a prominent referee in his weekly bluff can now be "turned to the wall." The referee squabble settled, the managers discussed several conditions named in the articles of agreement. Both were for clean breakaways at the order of the referee, and Considine did not object to bandages on Jeffries's hands The barring of hitting in clinches appears to give Corbett a decided advantage, as he is much the lighter man and three times the quicker on his feet. The Rev. A. C. Jeffries, father of the champion pugilist, is expected to arrive in Chicago this week to conduct a series of revivals. From a town in California that boasts the name of Red Bluff a report came to-day that the Rev. Mr. Jeffries is praying that his burly son may see the error of his ways. The Rev. S. D. Newbill, of Red Bluff, is quoted as follows: "Brother Jeffries is deeply grieved at the course his son is pursuing. Of course, when James was matched to fight Fitzsimmons his father was greatly perturbed, but the newspapers, I am sure, coloured what he is alleged to have said in reference to his praying for James's victory over Robert Fitzsimmons. I had a long talk with Brother Jeffries shortly before he left for Portland. He sincerely hopes that some day before long some little spider of a fellow may give James a good whipping, and that then the bad boy may desert the evil ring." "Kid" Broad, of Cleveland, was disqualified by referee Charley White at the Broadway A.C. last night for foul tactics. In the seventeenth round Broad butted Oscar Gardner, the "Qmaha Kid," in the left eye and split it open. As Broad had committed a similar offence earlier in the game and seemed to do it intentionally, there was nothing left for the referee to do. The fight was vicious and bloody. Gardner injured his right hand in the eleventh round, but after that he used his left with such effective precision that Broad's left ear was soon battered into a pulp. Gardner did not show his old time ability, but he was clever enough to stand Broad off while the affair lasted. Jack Bonner and "Scaldy Bill" Quinn furnished the six rounds wind-up at the Central A. C., Philadelphia, on Saturday night. Bonner had the advantage in height and reach and looked to be at least fifteen pounds heavier than the coloured man. In the fourth round, after indulging in a regular slugging bee, Bonner caught Quinn flush on the jaw and almost put him through the ropes. The latter was a little slow coming up for the fifth round, but fought Bonner blow for blow in the sixth. On work Bonner would have received the decision had one been given. Joe Walcott will appear at the Paris Exhibition and will meet Charlemont, the Frenchman, who fights with his feet, in a limited round bout. Yesterday afternoon S. A. Haller, who represents the Hippodrome of Paris, called on Tom O'Rourke and a contract was drawn up for Walcott's appearance across the sea. "Kid" McCoy and Peter Maher are going to meet again. Yesterday the "Kid" signed articles to face the Irishman in a six rounds bout in Philadelphia a week after McCoy's engagement with Tommy Ryan in Chicago is settled. This fight takes place on May 23, and the "Kid's" engagement with Maher may come off on May 30. "Young Sharkey" (Jack O'Donnell), of Boston, got the decision of "Jim" Austin (coloured), of New York, Monday night before the Manhattan Athletic Club. They went twenty rounds at a very lively pace. George Dixon, in addition to his battle with Terry McGovern, has signed articles to fight Benny Yaeger, the "Tipton Slasher," six rounds in Chicago on June 5. Dixon will meet McGovern in Chicago for the same number of rounds on June 25. Cornell has decided to send an athletic team to the Paris Exposition. James E. Sullivan, Secretary of the A.A.U., yesterday received a letter from Alfred D. Warner, manager of Cornell's track team, asking for information as to the meaning of the word "weights" on the programme of the international games. The real meaning of the word or what the actual weight contests will be cannot be determined until A. G. Spalding reaches Paris and consults with the Exposition authorities. At Cornell there are several good weight throwers, the best of whom is Boynton, who defeated McCracken, holder of the intercollegiate hammer throwing record at Philadelphia. Boynton's figures were 144 feet for the 16-pound hammer, but since then he has beaten 150 feet several times in practice. In the all-round weight throwing programme his strongest point would be with the discus. In an unofficial trial a few days ago he sent the regulation discus 148 feet without follow. The world's record is 118 feet 9 inches, by C. H. Henneman, of Chicago. Edward Corrigan has arrived in Chicago from San Francisco en route to England with his stable of racehorses. He says he will sail from this city with his string on May 26 on the new steamship Minneapolis. He will go direct to Newmarket and he expects his horses will be ready to race within a month after his arrival on English soil. Tod Sloan has been engaged to ride for him in all the races for which he is not booked. Of the older horses Geyser, Sardine, Golden Rule and Sardonic will be his mainstay, while M. F. Tarpey is expected to win for him among the two-year-olds. George Stillman, Yale 1901, at New Haven, Thursday, smashed the intercollegiate record for the hammer-throw, hurling the hammer 152 feet. The work was done on Yale Field in the final practice of the Yale track team before its departure for Cambridge. Yale men are dubious of Stillman's ability to repeat the record in competition, because of his extreme nervousness. He is champion Flannagan's best pupil, however. In the dual games with California Stillman did very poorly.

THE TATTLER.

SUICIDE FROM A BOAT ON THE DANUBE.

Without Apparent Cause a Wealthy Lady Seeks Death by Drowning.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A VERY wealthy Austrian lady named Tentzlen, while travelling to her friends at Trieste, committed suicide by jumping overboard from the steamer just as the boat had arrived at the quay. Assistance was quickly rendered, but all efforts to restore animation failed, and her body was conveyed home to her sorrowing friends. No cause can be assigned for the act, but it is believed she became suddenly mentally deranged. Her wealth, which is great, is left to several charities and the poor of Vienna.

RIVALS IN TRADE HAVE A SCRAPPING MATCH.

Scratching and Hair Pulling to Get Even With Their Opponents.

(Subject of Illustration.)

A LITTLE difference of opinion between a party of girls led to a rather serious affair. Trade rivalry was the origin of the quarrel, and from words they very soon came to blows, and as friends of either side came upon the scene they added their fistic ability to demolish the other side, scratching, hair pulling, and the usual attributes of feminine warfare were displayed in the combat, and young ladies, who should have known better, left the place hatless and with disordered dress considerably the worse for the encounter.

OUR LETTER BOX.

LETTERS are lying at our office for

Mrs. Jemmy Ryan, of America.
Bob Fitzsimmons (three).
"Dido" Plumb.
Alf Wright (three).
Bobby Dobbs (two).
Frank Leon (two).
George Fox Giles.
Professor Harry Cullis.
Billy Ross.
C. McCoy.
John F. White (three)
Claude Thompson.
Mike Flynn.
Jim Hall, of Australia.
Frank Kempton, of South Africa.
Mr. James E. Donegan.
Mr. Sam Fitzpatrick.
Mrs. Jasper White.
Dick Burge.
Ernie Greaves.
George Slark.
Jem Holloway.
P. Gorman.
P. J. King.
Charley Mitchell.
Mr. R. H. Page.
Billy Plimmer.
Driver Pincher.
H. Chance Newton.
"Greek" George.
Ted Wakeham.
Jem Corbett.
Professor Wolf.

LOST AND FOUND.

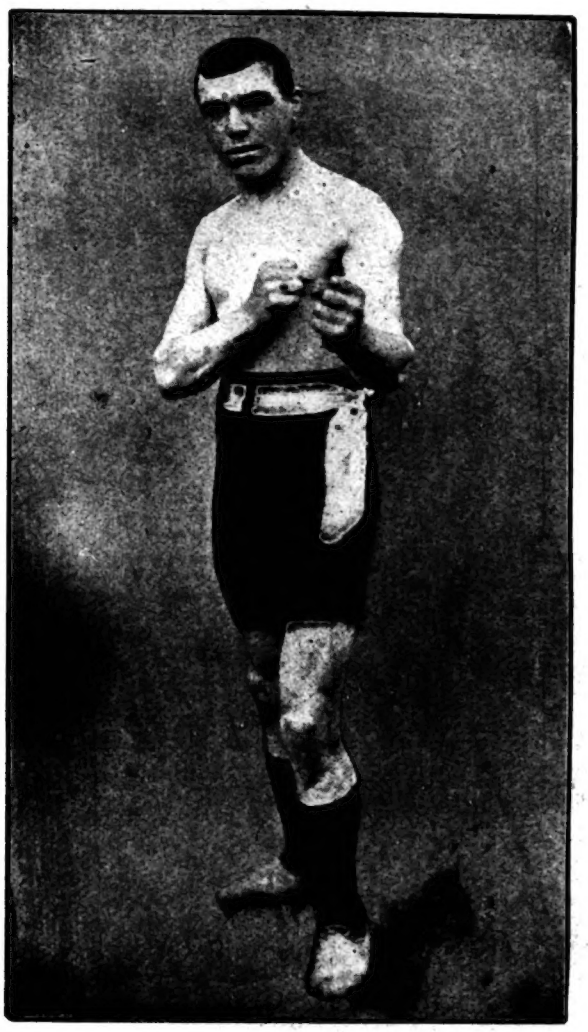
"I CALLED in answer to an advertisement for a boy," said a bright-faced little chap to Mr. Goldstein, the mill owner, who was a bulky, red-faced man. He was about to leave his private carriage to enter the office when thus accosted. With him was a golden-haired little girl, who listened to the boy with eager interest. "Well, how old are you and where have you been working?" said the mill owner, looking at the lad sharply. "I came from the country, sir, where my mother and I worked in a small mill since father died. Now she is gone and so I came here to the big city hoping to find a better job." "Well, you are too young, and a boy that don't know the city is of no use to me. My advice is to go back to your former home," said Goldstein in a tone of dismissal of the subject, then he turned to his driver and said: "Take Miss Alice where she wants to go." The boy—Philip Martin by name—felt a lump rise in his throat, and with a discouraged feeling walked listlessly down the thoroughfare. He had no home or friends and no shelter. Furthermore, he had spent nearly all his money in getting to the city. While meditating on what should be his next move he felt a gentle touch upon his arm and heard a sweet, low, childish voice say: "Never mind, here's a card with the name of my uncle on it, and he will give you work." Turning he saw again the face of the mill owner's daughter, Alice Goldstein. "It is all right," said she, "and never mind thanking me. I'd like the same thing happen to Will—that's my brother—if he was alone in a big city." Philip opened the paper containing the card and inside was a bright new half-a-crown. So unexpected was it all that as soon as the little Samaritan departed he burst into tears, whereupon some little fellows in passing called him "cry baby." Feeling very tired he sat down on one of the park seats intending to seek Alice's uncle when he had recovered his mental balance. He fell fast asleep and when he awoke the parcel which he brought from home containing a valuable recipe, a bible and his mother's photo had disappeared. Gradually, however, he thought of the little girl, of the card which bore the name of a possible employer and of his empty stomach. The thought of her and half-a-crown brought hope and comfort, so he proceeded to a restaurant and had his first square meal since arriving in the city. On leaving the place he again saw the Goldstein carriage and the fair Samaritan, who beckoned him to her side, and, much to his astonishment, held up the missing parcel, which had been stolen from him while asleep. Twenty years have passed since Philip Martin and Alice Goldstein met. During that time Phillip secured a good position and took up a study of medicine. He was now a prosperous physician, and one night was called into consultation, the case being that of a young man dying in squalor. As he entered the room his eyes met those of a beautiful young woman, who rose and extended both hands appealingly to him. "Do you not remember me?" said she; "do you not recall your first attempt to secure work in London." "Ah, indeed I do. Can this be the little Samaritan who saved me from despair? I tried in vain to keep track of you, but they told me you were travelling and I fancied you had settled down in married life. Maybe it is so!" "No," said she, "and I've done better by you, for I've followed your career these many years, and congratulate you on your great success with the Little Diamond Liver Pills." The doctor then listened to the painful story of the patient, who was the brother of Alice—the "black sheep of the family," who from boyhood had been alienated from his father and sister, was reinstated for awhile in his father's good graces, but later, through speculation, brought financial ruin and a suicide's end for the father. Dainty Alice, who had been supporting herself by teaching music, discovered his whereabouts, but too late, for he was at death's door. Dr. Martin on taking his leave said: "By the way, tell me how you found the parcel that day." "Well, I kept you in sight and so witnessed the act of the thief, and Jim, the coachman, made him give it up." As they stood talking Alice's eye fell on an old coin and a ring worn on the doctor's chain. The doctor read her thoughts and said: "Yes, that's the same coin, and it has been indeed a charm! There is my mother's photo, and, as you know, the recipe for the Little Diamond Liver Pills have saved many lives and reaped a fortune." They parted, but not before Alice's consent was given to his future calls, which resulted six months later in Dr. Martin's marriage to fair Alice. Prepared by the Little Diamond Liver Pill Co., 68, Stanmore Road, West Green, London, N. Price 1s. 1½d., per box of forty.—[Advt.]

A GROUP OF SPORTS AT SEA POINT HOTEL.
A Noted Sporting Hostelry at Cape Town.

"LOOK OUT" FOR THE COLLECTOR AND PAY UP.
The Skeleton in the Cupboard Makes a Demand.

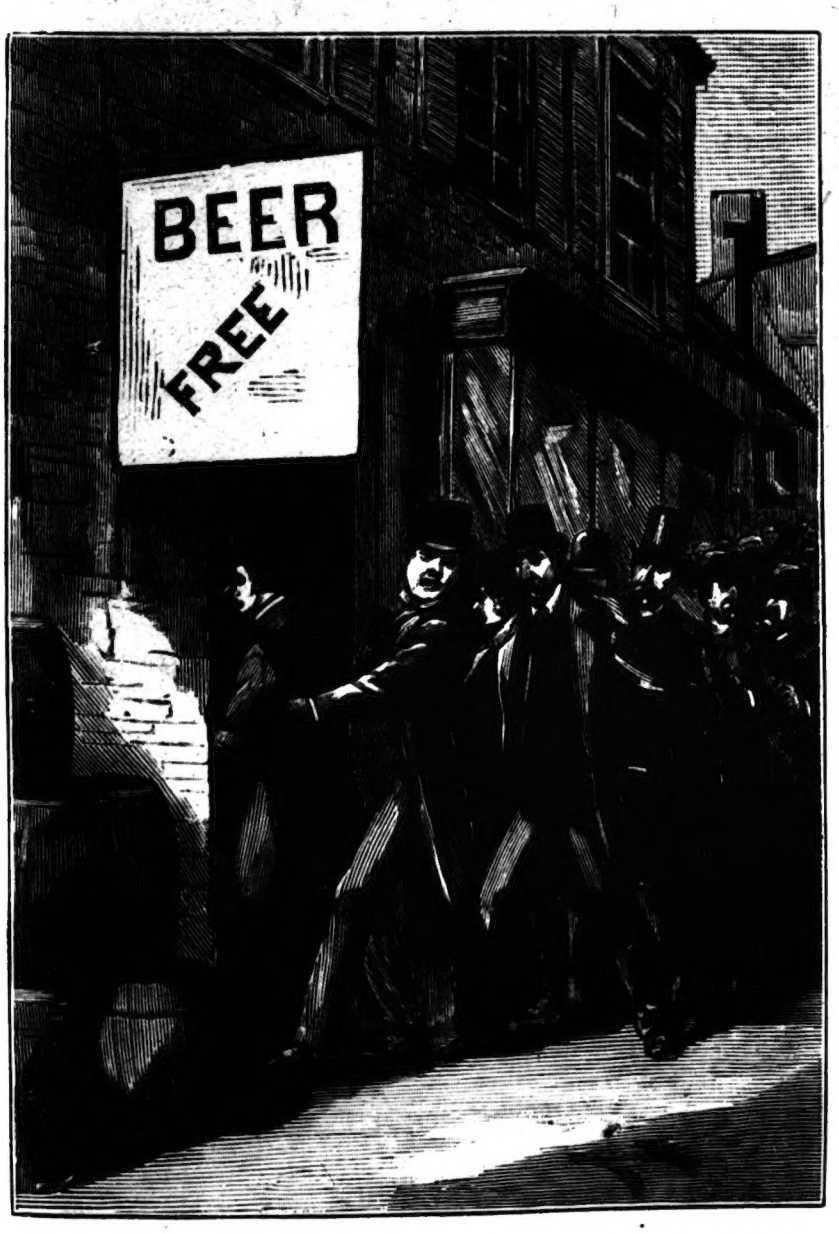
CHARLEY WHITE,

The Well-known Sportsman and Referee, who Counted James J. Corbett "Out" in his Last Fight with James J. Jeffries in the Fight for the Championship.



TOM WOODLEY,

Who Met George Penney at the National Sporting Club, Monday Evening, May 21.



FREE, THE LANDLORD'S NAME, BUT NOT THE BEER.

And, Oh! Such a Lot of Disappointed Visitors.

SUICIDE FROM A BOAT ON THE DANUBE.

Without Apparent Cause a Wealthy Lady Seeks Death by Drowning.

ROMANCE OF THE CHESTER CUP.

THE ROMANCE OF THE TURF IS as remarkable as anything in the history of nations or humanity. Once upon a time Mr. Briggs, a Hackney cowkeeper, entered a horse called Cockney Boy for the Derby. This horse had a hog mane, and had run between the shafts of one of Mr. Briggs's milk-carts. The betting was not that Cockney Boy would be first, but that the animal would be the absolute last—and so this proved. The late Ned Smith, the ring reporter and horse-watcher for *Bell's Life*, before he took to journalism trained his horses at Epsom at the very stables afterwards occupied by the two John Nightingalls, the grandfather, and the father of Arthur Nightingall, the premier steeplechase jock. Ned Smith had in training a horse called Adamas, whom he (Ned) considered a "cert" for the Derby. This was in Blink Bonny's year (1857), and after a fast run race Adamas could do no more than secure a place. In 1861 Baron Nivière entered a horse called Cosmopolite for the Great Eastern Handicap, ridden by Harry Grimshaw. Cosmopolite had been driven in a fiacre in the streets of Paris. The horse, which was six years old, carried the enormous weight of 9st 10lb, and won in a canter, laying the foundation of the fortunes of some of our once prominent bookies. The romance of the Chester Cup, which was run recently and won by Roughside, was one showing how the Turf celebrity envied, flattered, and honoured of the present may be the unhonoured, forgotten, and unsung of the future, as symbolised in the case of Mr. Bennett, the winner of a brace of Chester Cups (1865-66), with a horse called Dalby. Drawing refulgence from the animal, the owner (Mr. Bennett) was called "Dalby" Bennett, and this gentleman, winning many other good races, was considered a very rich man. By-and-bye, like many of the flotsams and jetsams of the turf, Bennett disappeared from his old quarters and accustomed haunts. Bennett's disappearance was a seven days' wonder; then with the revolution of fortune's wheel, and some other successful turf speculator coming on top, "Dalby" Bennett and his fortunes were forgotten. The ex-racehorse owner and supposed very wealthy man was eventually recognised when collecting the fares by a quondam companion as an omnibus conductor. Bennett came to collect fares of a man who had at one time been glad to rub shoulders with the once turfite. By-and-bye "Dalby" Bennett became "timekeeper" in the service of the "London General," and might be seen ordering on the 'busses at the Holborn end of Chancery Lane. Time came when like "Poor Joe" "Dalby" Bennett was ordered on himself. Missed from his accustomed pitch, inquiries were set on foot, and it was found that for the second time in his existence "Dalby" Bennett had taken the "knock" so quietly that he was dead before any of his intimates knew that the poor old timekeeper was ill.

ANDY LONG, OF LEEDS, WILL walk any one-legged man in Yorkshire from one mile up to five for £5 a-side.

NINE HUNDRED MILES WALK.—Anton Hanslian, the Austrian long-distance walker, has left Vienna on a new tour to Paris. He has undertaken to go on foot and to push a perambulator containing his wife and child all the way. The distance is about 900 miles by road.

UNIQUE WALKING RECORD. — A rural postman named Lovell, living at Luton, is just retiring on a pension after 26 years of service. It was estimated that Lovell during his connection with the office had walked a distance equal to three journeys round the world. He had never had a day's illness, and had never been late on duty. The inhabitants of Lilley, Hertfordshire, one of the villages on Lovell's round, have given him a purse of £10 as a token of their esteem.

WRESTLING. — A WRESTLING match for £100 between J. Carkeek (America) and T. McIverney (Liverpool) was decided at New Brighton on Saturday. Carkeek gained the first fall in 27min 18sec, and had his opponent early in difficulties at the second meeting, but McIverney wrestled for twenty-five minutes, when he gave in, owing to an injury to his elbow.

SKITTLES: CHAMPION PERFORM- ance by a veteran.—Issy Mendoza, a descendant of the great fighting race of Dan Mendoza, who fought Gentleman Jackson for the championship of England must be well proud of the great popularity he has gained for himself since becoming mine host of the Anchor and Hope, Brook Street, Ratcliff, which boasts of one of the finest skittle alleys to be found in or around London, he having spared no expense to bring it up to perfection, and he will be most happy to lend same, free of charge, for any bona fide matches or tournaments, organised by sportsmen. Owing to illness a fortnight ago, the veteran, Jim Baker, was unable to attempt to beat his record of downing 142 pins in twenty throws. Last Wednesday evening was the night appointed to undertake the task. Nothing loth, Jim was on hand with backer and a large number of friends to cheer him on to victory; he also undertook to have two throws with five men, and two throws with six men standing on the frame, which programme was carried out in a straightforward manner in the presence of a crowded audience. Joe Farrell having been appointed referee with Sam Skinner as timekeeper, the terms of agreement having been read out by the referee, a start was made true to time. All four men having taken their positions on the frame, Jim led off with a splendid throw of 9, 8, 8, 8, 8, 7, 8, 7, 7, 8. At the eleventh throw, Jim, in delivering the ball, stumbled, and only gained 3; then 7, 7, 8, 6, 6, 7, 8, and then 9, his final throw being 8; making in all 147 pins, thus beating his previous record by 5. His record with five men in frame was 8, 6; six men in frame 8, 8; and as a final, seven men, he downed 8 pins; this was encored, loud and long was the cheering for the old veteran as he retired. The men who stood the ring were Charlie Crockett, Jim Delamere, Tom Warboy, Jim Flane; the others were Young W. Baker, Ted Slow, and James, Amongst the large company we noticed H. Read, Jack Wines, Bill Stapleton, Fred Smith, Dick Banks, F. Yeley, Mike Sheen, Tom Wright, Bill Palmer, J. Allender, Jim McGregor, Geo. Herver. The prizes will be presented to the winner at a grand smoker at the above on Wednesday next, when Sam Skinner has kindly consented to take the chair.

CHAMPIONSHIP WALKING MATCH. —With Sturgess out of the country at the front we must regard Dave Fenton as champion. At Putney Velodrome on Saturday D. Fenton, the well-known ex-amateur walker, was declared the winner of a four miles race at heel-and-toe progression, his opponent, F. Finch, of Northampton, being disqualified half-way. The stake at issue was £50. Fenton finished alone in 31min 35 3-5sec.

CHAMPIONSHIP SPRINT RACE.—A 130yd foot race for £100 was held at Newcastle-on-Tyne on Saturday, the competitors being A. R. Downer and W. Johnston. Odds of 4 to 1 were laid on Downer, who drew away before half the distance had been covered, and won by 10yd.

BOB WILLIAMS, JUN., WISHES TO thank the R.A.O.B.'s and the sportsmen who attended in the cause of philanthropy at the concert at the Weavers' Arms on the 20th (that beat the record) in aid of the funds of the Metropolitan Hospital; also many thanks to the numerous artists who gave their services. The two "Bobs," senior and junior, would like to see all friends at the City rendezvous.

THE HATTON GARDEN MAFEKING Relief Fund.—"Long Tom" in Fleet Street. —A committee of patriotic gentlemen of Hatton Garden, including Messrs. Peter Dennis, S. Burkin (tripe dresser), E. Hayman, Harry Higgins, and Dracott, have hit upon a very happy and novel attraction with a view to collecting money for the Mafeking Relief Fund. They have had manufactured at Morgan's Yard, Hatton Garden, a model of the famous Long Tom gun, 36ft in length, painted khaki-colour. This, mounted on a brake drawn by four grey horses, made a very effective display, especially as those in charge of the terrible-looking weapon were draped in naval uniforms of various grades, from an admiral to the "handy man." On Monday the gun and crew were inspected on the terrace at Marlborough House by the Prince and Princess of Wales. A Royal "send-off," and afterwards the party proceeded through the West-end, where the "tars" in a very short time collected over £40. Finally Fleet Street was reached, and a halt was made at THE MIRROR OF LIFE office, where the "crew" met with a very hearty reception, for "We all love Jack!"

THE WHITE HOUSE, HACKNEY Marshes.—This is one of the most celebrated sporting houses near London, where pigeon shooting was as much in evidence as it is now at the Welsh Harp, Hendon; has been taken over by Henry J. Rumbal. Mr. Rumbal was formerly proprietor of the Bull and Bush, Hampstead, one of the most famous sporting houses near London.

MR. PENLEY WILL OPEN THE Great Queen Street theatre to-morrow (Thursday).

TOM WOODLEY,

Who Met George Penney at the National Sporting Club, Monday Evening, May 21.

(With Portrait.)

BORN in Fulham; age twenty-three; height, 5ft 7in; weight, 10st 6lb; been boxing four years; won two competitions from the soldiers at Hounslow, also an open competition at the Crown Gymnasium; beat J. Wells (Fulham) twice; beat Harry Dove, twice; beat Dick Chandler, 1rd; beat Archie Phillips, 6rds; beat Driver Pinchin, 10rds; beat Jem Styles, twice, 8rds and 20rds; beat "Ginger" Osborne, 6rds; beat Driver Welsh, twice, 1½rd and 10rds; beaten by Jerry Driscoll, after 20rds; beaten by Pat Daley, 15rds; met George Penney at the N.S.C., May 21, and gained the decision in a 10rd contest.

WOULDN'T STAND HIS MORMON LECTURES.

Tarred and Feathered They Hunted Him from the Town.

(Subject of Illustration.)

MR. STIGMER travelled the country to propound to others the blessings of the Mormon creed, but in one small village through which he passed his lecture was met with derision, and a few pounds of tar with a bag of feathers were commandeered for this gentleman's benefit. In spite of his entreaties his clothing was taken from him, and the tar was well laid on his skin, after which the feathers were added to decorate, in which state he was chased through the streets by his enemies with torches and pistols blazing away behind.

BOTH ARE SAVED FROM A WATERY GRAVE.

An Accident which Imperils Two Lives.

(Subject of Illustration.)

AN accident which might have ended fatally occurred to a little child who fell into the waters of Coalbrook Lock, near Darford. Mrs. Knight, the child's mother, witnessed the accident, and, without waiting, jumped after the drowning child, which she caught and raised above the water. Had the lock contained more water both would have been drowned; as it was the woman was very exhausted when rescued, which was effected by two men after considerable difficulty.

E. DODDS.

A Boxer at 8st 10lb Who Has Won Several Events.

(With Portrait.)

ERNEST DODDS, of Scunthorpe, late Stockton-on-Tees. He has won two first prizes in exhibition boxing given by Professor Ball, defeating Bradshaw, of Lincoln, giving him upwards of 1½st. in weight, in 8rds; also defeated Ted Perkins, of Grimsby, in 8rds, and several minor prizes. He has challenged through THE MIRROR OF LIFE any lad in Lincoln at 8st 10lb, or will box any lad in Stockton or Middlesbrough at 8st 10lb.

FRED HULZMAN

As the Dying Gladiator.

(Subject of Illustration.)

FRED HULZMAN, the wonderful young athlete who takes the part of "The Dying Gladiator," is a pupil of Sandow. He is one of the most remarkable youngsters that has ever been brought out as an athlete. He followed Sandow's line of training and his exhibitions of strength surpass any performance ever witnessed in one so young. Hulzman is a New York lad, and has taken many prizes for exhibitions of strength.

A FREE GIFT.

If you wish the best medical work published, with Coloured Lithograph Illustrations, send One Penny Stamp to

GEO. E. MEYRICK,

172, Fleet Street, London, E C., and a copy of

DR. KAUFMANN ON DISEASE,

Its Causes and Home Cure,

will be forwarded by return post free of charge.

Don't Neglect this Offer.

ADVT.

MISS MARIE LLOYD IS APPEAR- ing at the Canterbury and Metropolitan.

THE HUNDREDTH PERFORMANCE of "Magda" at the Royalty will take place on Friday.

THE COUNTESS RUSSELL HAS been scoring heavily at the Empire, Birmingham.

SATURDAY LAST WAS A RECORD night at the Alhambra, where tremendous enthusiasm prevailed.

ONE OF THE PRETTIEST TURNS at the Royal is contributed by the Delevantis.

MISS EDITH BRUCE AND FRED Walton are appearing at the Metropolitan in their successful sketch "Our New Man."

DAN LENO IS IN CAPITAL FORM just now, and on Friday night last he fairly brought the house down at the Pavilion. He announced the news of the relief of Mafeking during his famous "lecture on man" song, he hurled the blackboard from the easel and executed a lively hornpipe thereon.

STILL THEY COME. ANOTHER lady of title in the shape of the Baroness Valmar is fulfilling her first engagement at the Tivoli.

THE HOLLOWAY EMPIRE IS nightly crowded. A capital bill may be sampled, headed by the marvellous Biondi, the quick-change gentleman.

THE GREAT CINQUEVALLI IS delighting huge crowds at the London, Shoreditch. Miss Vesta Victoria with her tuneful "Good-bye Daddy," Fred Russell and coster pal, and the biograph with first-rate pictures are some of the plums in a big bill.

THE COLOSSAL PROGRAMME AT Collins's has proved a regular plaster in its "drawing" powers, and crowds have flocked to this popular hall. When a programme contains such an array of names including Miss Marie Lloyd, Miss Vesta Victoria, Eugene Stratton, Harry Randall, George Robey, Miss Alice Maydue, Fred Russell, Pat Rafferty, Will Evans, Charley Deane, Two Bees, Harry Tate, Miss Lottie Collard, Austin Rudd, Miss Florrie Robina, Miss Madeline May, &c., the crowds are easily accounted for.

AT THE CANTERBURY MISS Minnie Palmer, looking as young and dainty as when she first delighted the public years ago as "My Sweetheart," is scoring heavily in a sketch entitled "Rose Pom-Pom." Miss Marie Lloyd is at her very best, and her songs are tremendously applauded. Sweet-voiced Miss Lida Clarke (with effective pictures), R. G. Knowles, Gus Elen (with up-to-date war verses in his "Bore of Befnal Green" song), the McNaughtons, Mark Melford and company in a screamingly funny sketch, and other capital entertainers are on the programme.

THE TIVOLI AUDIENCES HAVE been laughing heartily at Dan Leno's lecture on man. Dan proves conclusively that man is wrongly constructed. He wants more arms, eyes in the top of his head, and, above all, the calves ought to be where the shins are—"No man can enjoy a plate of soup while having his shins kicked." Ernest Shand is paying a return visit, and Miss Minnie Palmer, of "My Sweetheart" fame, clever Miss Willoughby, Harry Randall, Geo. Robey, and many others (there are twenty-three turns) contribute first-class items to a really colossal bill.

MR. FRED HARRIS HAS THE USUAL good and varied company at the Queen's, Poplar, Miss Alice Leamar is paying a welcome return visit, Watty Allen proves himself a good comedian, Fred Clyde is a pleasing character vocalist, the Sisters Vacana sing well and move their feet with good effect, A. V. Reeve is a musical soldier, The Caves appear in a burlesque sketch, Walton and Lester the spoof conjurers are great, Miss Sable Fern is warbling some capital songs, Miska mystifies with clever tricks, Vosper is a marvellous quick-change artiste, and his efforts are warmly applauded, Miss Alice Venley, the Darnley Brothers, and a first-rate sketch, "In Darker London," capitally played by Brien McCullough and Co., completes a liberal programme.

DAVE.

EVENTS TO COME.

THE following contests will take place during May:—

MAY 26.—At the Standard Theatre, Gateshead, the Pitman's Championship; James Brophy, of Swalwell, v. Jack Ritson, of Bedlington, twenty rounds; Harry Dunmigan v. Tim Elliott, eight rounds; and other boxing.

MAY 22.—At the National Sporting Club, "Pedlar" Palmer v. Harry Ware, fifteen rounds; Great International Contest, Tommy Hogan (America) v. Ben Jordan (England), fifteen rounds; Bill Wood v. George Cunningham, ten rounds, and other boxing.

MAY 28.—At Ginnett's Circus, Newcastle, Jack Milburn v. Alf Wright; and other boxing.

BOXING AT THE NATIONAL SPORTING CLUB.

TOM WOODLEY BEAT GEORGE PENNY.

C. WILSON WINS THE COMPETITION.

WITH A HEAVY-WEIGHT COMPETITION to open proceedings, a ten rounds contest to be negotiated, with other smaller items, the programme took plenty of time to run its length. From a certain point of view — the amusing — the heavy-weights afforded a treat, each bout being stoutly, if not scientifically, contested, and eventually fell to C. Wilson, of Notting Hill, who defeated H. Dixon, of Stepney, in the final. Tom Woodley had all his work to do in defeating George Penny in a ten rounds contest, which went to his credit on points. The officials were Mr. J. Douglas referee, Mr. Eugene Corri timekeeper, and Mr. A. F. Bettinson M.C.; Mr. Tom Scott and Mr. Dunning judges, while Pat Condon and Arthur Gutteridge attended to the principals engaged. Details:—

HEAVY-WEIGHT NOVICES' COMPETITION.

FIRST SERIES.

J. HENDRICK beat MIKE COLEMAN
(H.M.S. Severn). (St. James).

Hendrick shot home the left on the dial, and in the exchanges used both hands freely, sending Coleman down. The latter was in trouble and the referee stopped the contest.

H. DIXON beat H. WHITE
(Stepney) (Deptford).

This only lasted a few seconds, White going down from a punch on the ribs, and was counted out.

JOE KNIGHT beat J. ROBINS
(1st Grenadier Guards) (Lambeth).

Knight cleverly countered on the ribs, but Robins managed to land a couple on the dial. No defence. It was give and take on the stones order. Robins best. Knight jumped out of his seat, and in some wild work nearly floored Robins, but the latter was cleverer and got his own and a bit back at the finish. Robins met his opponent's rushes with a straight left, and displayed more knowledge of the game; but the verdict went to Knight, who was a genuine tryer.

C. WILSON beat W. DORLING
(Notting Hill) (Marylebone).

W. Dorling tried to force the pace all through, and after being floored several times gamely stuck to his task, but could not get on terms with his rival, who won an easy bout.

SECOND SERIES.

DIXON beat HENDRICK.

Dixon taller, but Hendrick put in some good work, but Dixon swung the right and floored his man. Hendrick rose but was again sent to grass, and the referee stopped the contest.

WILSON beat KNIGHT.

Knight, quick on his feet, was all over the ring, but had slightly the worst of the exchanges. Knight kept dancing in and out until Wilson steadied him with a right, and a couple more sent Knight nearly through the ropes. Wilson's round. Knight, in spite of being receiver-general, stuck to his man all through. Wilson won.

FINAL.

C. WILSON beat H. DIXON.

Wilson, on the defensive, was the steadier, and stopped Dixon neatly and cleverly. Keeping Dixon out with a straight left, he gained a meritorious victory after a hard tussle.

SIX ROUNDS CONTEST.

ALF HOLDEN beat ALF PHILLIPS
(Kennington) (Westminster).

Slow at starting, they went better when Holden forced the pace. Both hit a trifle lightly at long range all through. Up for the second round, Holden popped in the left twice, and a bit cleverer had a good defence. The third round Holden used the left time and again, getting home until Phillips dropped him to the floor with a right on the jaw, when the round terminated. The fourth round Holden kept popping in the left, and the work was a bit brisker, with honours even. The fifth round Holden kept boring in, Phillips on the defensive. The last round forced the pace and uppercut his rival on the body. After a very close thing Holden gained the verdict.

JACK GUYON beat DAN YOUNG
(Clerkenwell) (Dublin).

This was short and sweet. Guyon slashed into the youth from Dublin. The latter boxed on the retreat, and after finding the boards three times remained down, and was counted out before half the round had expired.

TEN ROUNDS CONTEST.

TOM WOODLEY beat GEORGE PENNY
(Fulham) (Kentish Town).

Bill Watson and Pat Condon attended to the wants of Woodley, while Arthur Gutteridge and Dave Barry did a like office in Penny's corner. Penny, taller, relied on his left, Woodley jumping in with heavy swings. The same in the second meeting; Woodley scored well, and landed a stinger on the dial. Up for the third go, Penny took a turn, and evened up matters. Penny at long range scored, but at close quarters Woodley played for his opponent's ribs, and there was very little between them. The fifth round was nearly fatal to the Kentish Town lad, he being nearly upset from a heavy swing. Forcing the pace in each succeeding round Woodley with heavy two-handed work two or three times nearly brought matters to a climax, but Penny stayed the full distance, only to lose after a plucky show. Exhibition bouts between Mr. J. Freeman and Dave Job in the bantam class, while Joe Steers and Alf Bowman gave a clever display in the heavy-weights.

THE GLENGALL GYMNASIUM.—A moderately good company visited this gymnasium on Saturday evening, and they were well entertained by some really fine boxing. Details:—8st 6lb Competition.—Final Bout: Young Marlow (Southwark) v. Jack Bush (Camberwell).—In such a vigorous and determined manner did Marlow set about his man, that Bush cried a go at close of the first round. Six Rounds Contests: Harry Carter (Hatcham) beat Bill Fowler (Kennington).—The first round was a particularly good and close one, neither gaining a perceptible advantage, and the second was an equally well-contested and even one, but in the third Carter, a little the taller, did some good two-handed work in the last minute, and took a slight lead. The fourth encounter was a very stubborn one, and slightly in favour of Fowler. Coming up for the fifth time, Carter appeared the stronger, and scored well in the first minute, Fowler doing better towards the close, but Carter was a trifle in front. The sixth and last round was fought out to the end. Carter, having a little the best of the exchanges, received the award. Harry Lewis (Blackwall) beat C. Smith (Lambeth).—Well matched as to weight and height, these two gave a really very fine display, Smith, in the first round, doing the most of the leading, Lewis cleverly slipping him, and when ordered to their corners there was nothing in it. The second was equally well worked through Lewis using a good straight left to advantage, Smith putting in some fine two-handed work in last minute, equalising matters. The third round was a little in Lewis's favour, but in the fourth meeting Smith would not be denied, and scoring fast, equalised matters. In the fifth round Smith could not withstand his opponent's straight left, and Lewis left off with several points in his favour. All through the sixth and last round both did well, but at the close Lewis just won cleverly. Exhibition Bouts.—Bill Howe (Walworth) v. Charley Lewis (Walworth), and Sammy Wellings (Walworth) v. Johnny Hughes (St. James's), two really grand bouts.

W. AVERY WILL BOX W. KNOWLES for the best of fifteen two-minute rounds if any gentleman in Plymouth will give a purse worth boxing for. An answer through THE MIRROR OF LIFE will greatly oblige.

TOM SHARKEY KNOCKS OUT JOE CHOYNSKI.

(Special Report.)

CHICAGO, MAY 8.—TOM SHARKEY knocked out Joe Choynski in the second round of what was scheduled to be a six round go before the Tattersall A.A. last night. The Sailor did the trick with a right hook to the jaw, which sent the Californian through the ropes, after which Sharkey danced a jig and embraced his manager, Tom O'Rourke, who was in his corner.

The bout was at catch-weights and started in with a hurricane exchange of lightning swings, in which honours were even. Sharkey knocked Choynski down clean once, and pulled him down on another occasion, while the Sailor went to the floor himself once on account of missing a right swing. Choynski gamely stood Sharkey's rushes and kept landing left jabs on the Sailor's face. There was no let up to the pace, and the Californian showed such good form that he had the crowd on its feet and cheering when they took their corners.

Sharkey again began to rush in the second, and while Choynski tried to continue his jabbing tactics, he could not find Sharkey's face. Choynski was unable to stand the Sailor's fierce onslaughts, and about the middle of the second round received the fatal right hook which sent him down and out. Malachy Hogan, of Chicago, acted as referee.

The bout between Billy Stift, of Chicago, and Barney Connors, of Chicago, was a corker. Connors had the better of it up to the sixth, when Stift landed his "one punch" and Connors went down. Thoroughly dazed he did not take the count, and facing Stift withstood a terrific onslaught which exhausted Stift, and when time was called both men were holding each other up, too weak to deliver a blow. It was declared a draw.

The bout between Jim Hall, the erstwhile Australian champion, and Tim Scanlan, of Pittsburg, was a hippodrome. It went the six rounds limit, and Hall got the decision. Sammy Harris, of Chicago, defeated Mike Bartley, of Chicago, in six rounds.

BOXING IN THE KINGSLAND ROAD.—In a public-house in the N.E. district of London which, for certain reasons, shall be nameless, there exists a proprietor who, in all other respects but keeping his house dark, is a firm believer in the Shakesperean motto, "Sweet are the uses of advertisement." As we write we note his features on a match box with his address, but as boxing is looked upon with an eye of disfavour in these parts, wild horses shall not drag that address from us. On Wednesday evening it was a Howard night. Willie Howard, the club instructor, took a benefit, and to assist him came Alf Howard and Connie Howard. In a six rounds contest C. Tilmey beat J. Langley. In a four rounds contest W. Ballard (Kingsland) beat C. Chambers (Wood Green). In a 7st 6lb competition J. Dewass beat H. Smith, Alf Howard beat P. Jones, Ted Cummings sparred a bye. Second Series: Dewass beat Cummings, Howard sparred a bye. Final: Dewass beat Howard, The wind-up of the evening was between Willie Howard and Connie Howard.

ERNEST BRADY (NEWCASTLE) v. J. Delaney (Bradford) for £75.—A considerable amount of rivalry between the above men has existed for some time, and great interest centred in their meeting last Monday night at the Leeds and County Gymnastic Club. Articles had been signed to box twenty rounds at catch-weights for £25 a-side and the club purse of £25. Brady was favourite at 5 to 4 on, and he fully justified the confidence placed in him by knocking his opponent out in the tenth round, after a very fine display of boxing. Delaney had slightly the best of matters in the first three rounds, after which the Newcastle man began to score, and in the fourth round he landed a nasty blow which nearly closed Delaney's eye. There was more hugging than fighting in the fifth and sixth rounds, both men being equally to blame. Delaney tired considerably, but came again in the ninth round. Halfway through the next, however, Brady got one home in the pit of the stomach, which floored the Bradford man, who was counted out. J. Palmer (Newcastle), and Sam Parker (Leeds), should also have met, but owing to illness, Parker was unable to box, Palmer giving an exhibition bout with Frank Gess, of Plymouth.

I, FRED MARTIN, KNOW NOTHING whatever of the challenge from "Puncher" Martin to Tom Lidstone, of the Royal Navy, as I don't go by the name of "Puncher," and haven't sent any challenge, but seeing he (Lidstone) would like to have another go with me I shall be only too pleased to meet him if any gentleman in Plymouth will give a purse worth boxing for, and will have a side stake on the result. Business only meant.

T. W. JONES, OF MERTHYR Tydfil, is open to defend his title of champion sack-racer. Any communication to MIRROR OF LIFE Office will receive prompt attention.

ASSAULT-AT-ARMS AT THE LANSDOWNE Athletic Club. — Last Tuesday evening (May 15) a special boxing entertainment was held at the above club, situated in Hackney, in the very heart of a locality that is famous for bringing champions to light. It is in small resorts like the Lansdowne Club that the rudiments of the art are learnt, and with the lessons thus obtained boxers gain a place in the professional ranks, very often reaching the top rung of the ladder. The first to enter the ring were the contestants for the 7st 4lb competition. First heats: Jack Stevens beat "Dummy" Forest.—Stevens was a good stone heavier, and after a gruelling bout Forest very properly retired in the second round. Joe Searle beat Harry Munden.—Searle set a hot pace, and with his opponent in a like humour a grand set-to resulted, till at the second round Munden retired. H. Mack, a bye. Semi-Final: Mack retired. Final: Stevens beat Searle.—Stevens looked nearer 10st than 7st, and made the pace hot, but his opponent was the cleverer, and took the lead, but weight told its tale, and Searle went out. Final, 7st 6lb Competition: W. White beat Alf Chalkley.—White was stronger than his rival, and scored well, sending Chalkley to the board in the first round, and after going down five times Chalkley went out just before time. A three rounds display between Ted Sanders and his son, the 4st 10lb champion. A very spirited exhibition of the art of self-defence. Three rounds exhibitions: Bill Schofield and Jem Turner; "Ginger" Elliott and Jack Lewis. During the evening the officials were: Referees, Joe Smith and THE MIRROR OF LIFE; timekeeper, Bill Brace, and Tom McCarthy, M.C. Final, 8st 4lb Competition: Tom Harmer beat Jem Fitchet.—They both were in earnest, and like tigers they fought, time saving Harmer in the third round, but, recuperating, he went the distance, and won on points. The wind-up was between Arthur Diver and Alf Goggins.

BOXING IN DUBLIN.—THE SPRING boxing competitions of the King's Dragoon Guards took place in the riding school of the above regiment, Marlborough Barracks on Friday night and was well attended, when the following were the results. Boys (light): Kerton beat Whatley. Boys (heavy): Kebble beat Scannell. Novices: Troy beat Mason after boxing an extra round. Light-weights.—First heat: Harmer beat Mason. Second heat: Linton beat Brockwell. Final: Harmer beat Linton. Middle-weight: First heat.—Groves beat Brockwell. Linton (bye). Final: Groves beat Linton. Heavy-weights (open to the garrison).—First heat: Corporal Poulter (K.D.G.) beat Private Wareham (K.D.G.). Second heat: Sergeant Spike (5th Liverpool) beat Private Burke (2nd Liverpool). Semi-final: Corporal Poulter (K.D.G.) beat Sergeant Hall (6th Inniskilling Dragoon Guards). An excellent bout, Poulter leading most all through. Sergeant Simpson (K.D.G.) beat Sergeant Spike (Liverpool), after three rounds, consisting principally of hugging and wrestling. Final: Corporal Poulter beat Sergeant Simpson.—Simpson was plainly afraid of Poulter, and went down on his knee with the first blow and remained there until counted out. Referee, Captain Webb (1st Royal Dragoons); Judges, Captain Hutchison and Doctor Myles.

NEWS FROM THE FRONT.—THE following letter from Private Allum, late captain of the Kensington B.C., will be read with interest. Private Allum, when contesting, displayed so much ability, that most persons took him for a disguised pro. When Allum was boxing it seemed that he was rather trying to hide what he knew rather than display it:—

Private C. Allum, 7th Royal Fusiliers, Fusilier Brigade, South Africa. April 24, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—Will you kindly insert the following in your paper, THE MIRROR OF LIFE:—C. Allum, the winner of the German Gym. lightweight in 1898, and captain of the Kensington B.C., was with General Buller all through the long and trying and well-earned relief of Ladysmith. It was the most trying battle of the campaign. I think, Sir, we came from Modder's Spruit by train down to Durban, and then we embarked at Durban on the transport Bavarian, and sailed to East London. Not being wanted at East London, we sailed to the Cape, where we disembarked and marched to the camp, and we got a good reception by the people there when they found out we came down from the front, but, to our great surprise, when we got in camp a telegram came to say we were to go on board at once, and now we are out in the harbour waiting for orders either from Lord Roberts or General Buller. Sir, I am sorry to say that Jem Holloway, who fought Jewey Cooke at National Sporting Club, is adjutant to the Boer forces. I should be very pleased if we have the pleasure of taking him prisoner, which I hope will not be long. Sir, I should like to get through this war safe, so as I shall be able to compete in the amateur championship next season. Sir, I wish you to insert this in your valuable paper so as my numerous friends will know I am still alive and a-kicking and ready for another go.—I remain, your obedient servant,

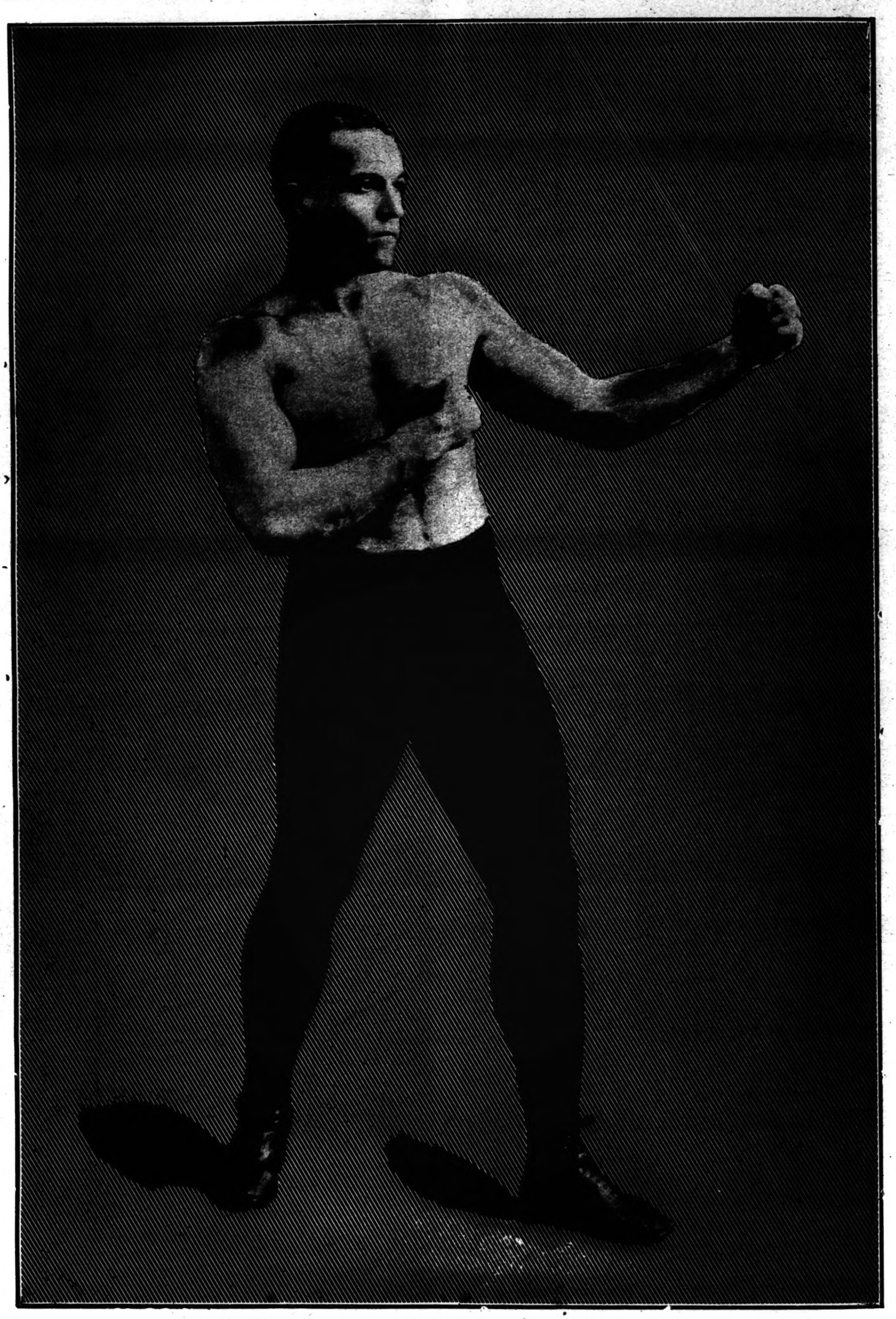
267 C. ALLUM.

E Company, 7th Royal Fusiliers.

P.S.—Please excuse the pencil, as ink is scarce. I still feel the effects of the accident I met with at the 17th Middlesex whilst competing in the 10st 4lb open, in which I was unlucky enough to get a piece of needle in my eye from the glove which my opponent wore. Owing to my being called to the front I could not proceed with the case.

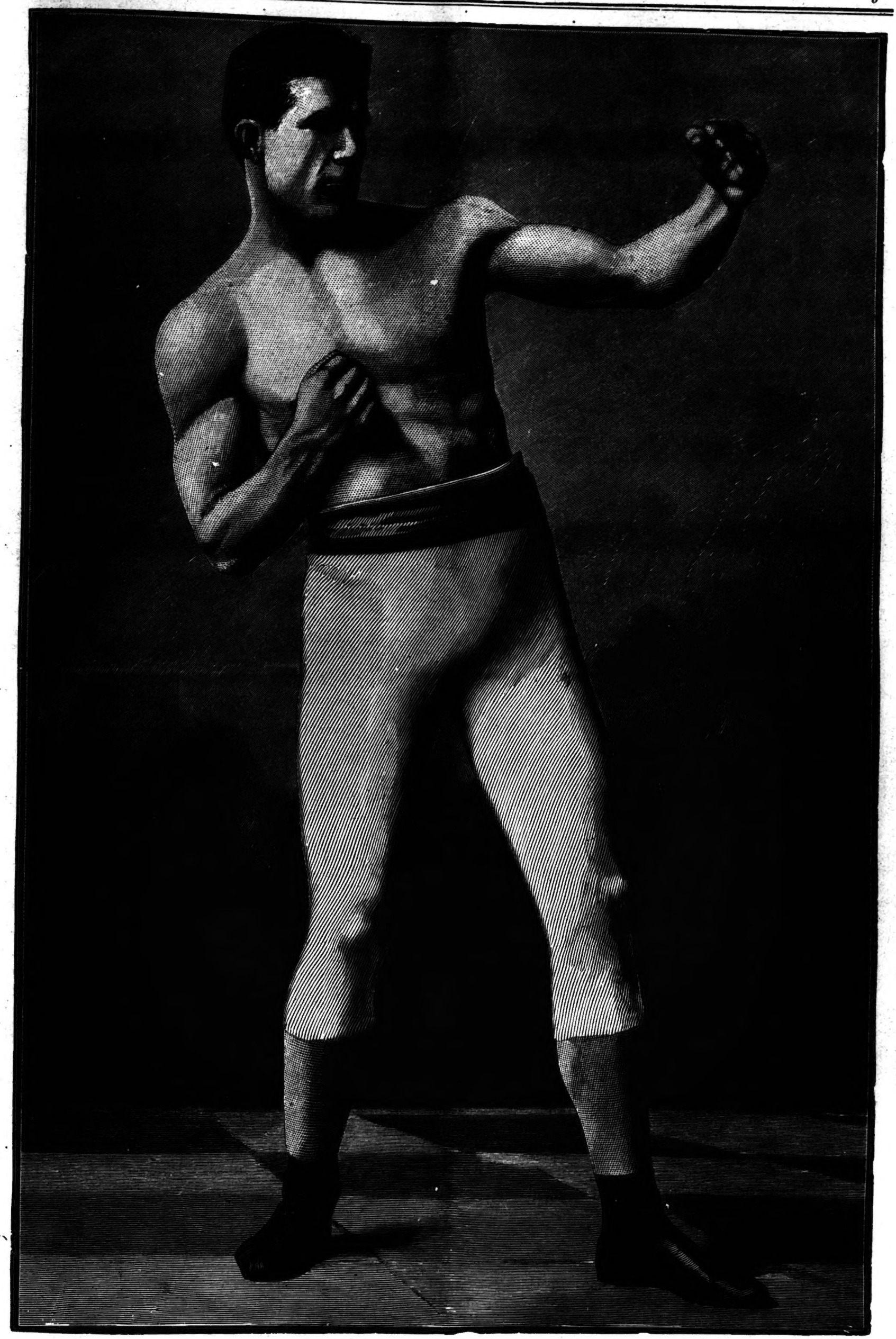
THE BOXING CONTEST FOR THE Pitman's championship will take place at the Standard Theatre on Saturday next, May 26.

(*Continued on page* 10.)



JAMES J. JEFFRIES,

The Winner and Upholder of the Title of the World's Heavy-Weight Championship, which he Held and Sustained when he Met James J. Corbett at the Seaside Club, Coney Island, America.



JAMES J. CORBETT,

Who was Defeated, after a Stubborn Battle, in 23 Rounds by James J. Jeffries for the World's Heavy-Weight Championship at the Seaside Club, Coney Island, on May 11.

THE FIGHT FOR THE HEAVY-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD.

JAMES J. JEFFRIES KNOCKS OUT JAMES J. CORBETT IN TWENTY-THREE ROUNDS.

(Specially Reported.)

NEW YORK, MAY 12.—Though James J. Corbett was fairly knocked out in the twenty-third round of the heavy-weight championship fight at Coney Island last night, and thereby failed to wrest the honours from James J. Jeffries, who landed the deciding punch, the former champion demonstrated to a crowd of nearly ten thousand spectators that he is the most expert boxer in the world, also that he is game to the core, and that if he had met Jeffries when he whipped Sullivan the present champion might have been beaten. As it was, Corbett proved to be a big surprise. Rated by critics all over the country a back number, and regarded as so by public, Corbett succeeded in regaining much of his old-time form by diligent training, and when he got into the ring last night he was a new man to many who had seen him fight Sharkey at the Lenox Club a year ago. In point of boxing skill, generalship, blows of every description, and speed, Corbett, while he lasted, made Jeffries look like a lumbering amateur. But Jeffries had the strength to stand all the rapid jabs that were fired into his face, even though they drew the blood from his nose and mouth, and when Corbett began to tire, the big boiler-maker, with tremendous rushes, wore him down and finally dropped him with a left hand punch on the jaw. The knock-out came unexpectedly. It was the result of constant boring tactics. Jeff had tried for twenty-two rounds to get in just such a blow and had missed his man time and time again. But with bulldog tenacity and perseverance the champion finally succeeded, and when Corbett got this blow he was put to sleep beyond any question of doubt. It was the old story of a magnificent boxer meeting a rugged, muscular, heavy hitter, capable of taking all kinds of punishment in order to get in a decisive smash. Corbett showed one weakness. That was inability to hit with the power of Fitz and Sharkey. He got to Jeff oftener and better than either of these pugilists did, but his blows, beyond bruising the champion's eyes, nose and mouth, did not beat him down. There was just one point in the fight where Corbett came near winning. That was in the ninth round, when, with a grand rally of swings, he caught Jeff on the jaw and actually had the big man staggering. But the champion recovered so quickly from the force of the blow that when the round ended Corbett had to begin all over again. Corbett began the fight with wonderful leg work. He seemed to have studied Jeffries so that he knew just how to fight him, for he danced around him rapidly and threw in left-handers that made the big man blink and shake his head. Weaving in and out, avoiding great rushes and heavy blows, blocking drives that might have broken a rib, and showing wonderful defence, Corbett made the crowd stand up and cheer in the first two rounds, because no such exhibition of scientific work had ever been seen in this vicinity before. But in the third round Jeffries, who was sent out to do the work instead of letting Corbett do it, drove a heavy right into the body which showed that his punching power, if it was properly landed, was sure to drop the pompadour boxer some time before the limit. Jeff paid more attention to the body in the fourth and fifth rounds than he did to any other part of his opponent. This was done while Corbett continued to run around and jab him in the face with left-handers, which, though not powerful enough to put him down, banged him up perceptibly. In the sixth and seventh Corbett, because of several blows that had been driven into his body, lost some of his speedy manœuvres, but in the eighth he rallied in grand style, and had the round. As told above, Corbett had Jeffries wabbling a bit in the ninth, and in the tenth and eleventh rounds the former champion did so well that the crowd went wild. It was in the eleventh that Corbett rained the blows in so fast with both hands that they could not be counted. It was also in this round that the blood appeared from Jeffries's nose and mouth, which was the first shedding of claret in the fight. In the twelfth and thirteenth rounds Corbett continued his remarkable scoring of points, and he had such an advantage up to that time that had the decision been rendered then Jeffries would have lost. But the champion was the stronger and the younger, and though Corbett's condition was remarkable, considering the length of time that he has been before the public, he could not stand the pace. Getting an even break in the fifteenth and sixteenth rounds, Corbett was still looked upon as a probable winner, but after that the pace began to tell, and in the nineteenth round Jeffries, who was rushing harder and faster in every innings, scored a knock down. That was the beginning of the end. For in the twentieth Corbett, with the idea of staying the limit, ran so much around the ring that for the first time since the men put up their hands he was hissed. Jeffries was sent out to settle the job in the twenty-first and twenty-second rounds. Corbett's ability to keep away made it impossible to accomplish the feat, but in the twenty-third Jeffries did the trick and retained the championship. Had the bout gone the limit the decision would have been a draw with fairness to both men. But because of Jeffries's superior strength, his incessant leading and his marked advantage in the last half of the fight, it would not have been fair to have given the decision to Corbett. Corbett's showing was all the more remarkable because of his long retirement from active training after his defeat at the hands of Fitzsimmons. High living broke Corbett's constitution down, but from his appearance last night he had regained his health and thus proved that physical training is by no means injurious. Jeffries fought Corbett differently from the way he handled Fitzsimmons and Sharkey. Instead of letting Corbett force the fight, he did the forcing himself. Had he remained on the defensive as he did with the Cornishman and sailor, Corbett would undoubtedly have won hands down on points. When the fight was half over this was appreciated by Jeffries's seconds who saw that Jeff, though he had forced the fighting from the start, had not forced it hard enough to make an impression. Then it was that Tommy Ryan sent him out to beat Corbett down by sheer strength and resistless rushes, which proved to be the winning combination. Jeff, though he was outclassed as to science, showed once more that he is a fighter pure and simple, that he can take punishment and give it, and that he knows as much about the game as the average boxer. But against a man of Corbett's remarkable ability Jeff, of course, appeared to be excelled in respect to science. Corbett's showing would indicate that a match between him and "Kid" McCoy would prove one of the biggest drawing cards of the season. Jeff is now entitled to a rest, as he has fought and won three championship battles inside of a year, but he says that he will take on all comers, first come first served. He will probably be accommodated. Considering the weight, this fight was one of the most sensational that has ever been seen in a local ring. It was fast, clean, and fairly contested. There was no roughing, very little holding in clinches, the men obeyed the referee with readiness and kept their tempers. The fight was "on the level" as anybody could see. Corbett was over-anxious to win, and for fifteen rounds he was confident of victory. His face showed it, for he laughed and toyed with the big fellow as if he were merely his sparring partner or punching-bag, but when Jeffries began to get to Corbett with his terrific body punching the pompadour pugilist's face gradually assumed an ashen colour, his eyes glared, and the corners of his mouth were drawn down in a look of apprehension. For though Jem was game he knew full well what to expect if Jeffries landed one of his big fists upon the proper mark. Corbett took a hard punching without a sign of quitting. When the final blow came he went down in defeat with thousands around him, who sympathised with him and who will always remember that he fought like a man. Jeffries was unhurt after the battle except for a swollen left eye and bruised mouth. Corbett had no marks except a scratch near the left ear. While the crowd waited there was plenty of fun. John L. Sullivan was singled out, and received the usual ovation, but he would not make a speech. There was plenty of good-natured guying, and more smoking than ever. The aisles were packed with men who wanted to bet. Jeffries had so many followers that 2½ to 1, and in some instances 3 to 1, was offered on his chances, with not many takers. The bulk of the betting was on the number of rounds. Before the pugilists appeared they selected their seconds as follows:—For Corbett, Gus Rublin, George Considine, John Considine, and Leo Pardelli; for Jeffries, Tommy Ryan, of Syracuse, Jack Jeffries, the champion's brother, William A. Brady, and Ed Dunkhorst, the human freight car, who was punched out so quickly the other night by Fitzsimmons at the Hercules A.C. Corbett's timekeeper was Teddy Foley; for Jeffries, Dan O'Rourke held the watch, while Joseph Dunn was the club's official timekeeper, and handled the gong. Corbett announced that his weight was 182lb, which was probably correct. Jeffries told Announcer Humphreys that he tipped the scale at 200lb, but in this he was joking. He was at least 12lb heavier. At 10.20 o'clock the crowd broke into loud cheers, and everybody jumped up expecting to see the heavy-weights on their way to the ring, but it was a false alarm, for they were not ready. Then the stamping of feet and the clapping of hands, whistling, shouting, cat-calling, and prolonged yells showed the impatience of the spectators. Three minutes later, however, another outburst escorted Jeffries to the ring. He wore a blue sweater and long black trousers. Dunkhorst, one of his seconds, jumped into the ring ahead of him and sat down in the corner with the idea of fooling the onlookers, while the champion sat in a box behind him. Jeffries received a cordial greeting, but it was nothing in comparison with the ovation tendered to Corbett, when he followed a few moments later. Corbett had on a long grey bath-robe and smiled pleasantly as the crowd waved hats and cheered wildly. As he got into the ring Jeffries did likewise. Corbett immediately went into the centre and shook hands in the friendliest way with the champion. Corbett also shook hands with all of Jeffries's seconds. A new set of gloves were thrown upon the floor and Corbett personally made his selection, while Brady picked up a pair for Jeffries. As Corbett stripped it was noticed that he was in fine trim. His muscles were hardened and his flesh did not appear to be drawn. His legs seemed to be stronger than formerly and altogether he looked fit. His hair was parted in the middle and his eyes were bright. Jeffries in point of physique, however, was Corbett's superior in every way. His great body was covered with steel muscles, and his legs were hardened down in fine shape. He sat in his corner quietly waiting, his hands stretched out on the ropes. He wore no bandages, while Corbett had both hands encased. There was a delay while the men sat in the ring because of the non-appearance of Referee White. Announcer Humphreys called for him. White was outside of the ring in street clothes with his hat on. Considine and Brady approached him, but he made no move to come into the ring; instead, he pointed his finger at them and made some remark. It was then evident that there was a dispute over the money he was to receive. Considine explained that the matter had been settled with the idea that the winner of the fight would pay 250 dollars and the club 250 dollars, but the club remained obdurate because of the fact that the men had selected White themselves in preference to the club's official referee. Manager O'Rourke maintained that he had nothing to do with the matter. The dispute was finally adjusted, and when Referee White entered the ring he received a warm welcome. White immediately examined the bandages on Corbett's hands because of a protest by Brady. Corbett tried to explain to White but the latter asked him to come over and discuss the point with Jeffries, who sat in his corner with bare hands and the gloves in his left. Corbett finally consented to remove one layer of the bandages from each hand to meet the requirements of the referee and Jeffries. He did this with good grace and then pulled on the gloves. The fighters agreed among themselves that they would pay Referee Charlie White 500dols. for his services as the club officials refused to do so. The rules under which the principals met provided no holding in the clinches, that each would step back as soon as they got into a clinch, and if they did not and also refused to obey the order of the referee to break, that official should be permitted to step between and separate them. Hitting with a free hand and on the breakaway was permitted. When they stripped, Jeffries had on black trunks and a red sash around his waist. His white socks were rolled over the tops of his black fighting shoes. Corbett had on a white breech cloth.

THE FIGHT, BY ROUNDS.

After the rules had been explained by Referee White and the men had been introduced they shook hands at 10.40 o'clock. Round 1. As they came up, Corbett was biting his lips from nervousness. Jeffries was cool and deliberate. Jeff began with a slow feint and then Corbett danced around him in lively fashion. Jeffries followed and rushed him to the ropes, putting his left to the ribs and a right to the top of the head. Corbett got away and shot a quick left to the cheek. Jeffries led again and Corbett, getting away, shot a quick, sharp left to the eye. Jeff came again and swung heavily for the neck. Corbett danced away and was chased half way around the ring by Jeff, who showed considerable speed in comparison. Corbett worked his left again rapidly to the head, and when Jeff swung ponderously at him, he always danced away. Jeff was not in a hurry, but getting to close quarters he drove the left to the stomach and then followed with another left on the head. Corbett broke ground with both blows, then ran around one side of the ring and clinched as Jeff followed him. Jeff got to close quarters and swung a tremendous blow, which brought another clinch. Corbett was at long range, putting in jabs and running around as fast as he could. Jeff followed him, and when the round ended the crowd broke into cheers because of Corbett's splendid cleverness. Round 2. Corbett opened with a sharp left on the eye, Jeffries rushed and put in a frightful body punch, which drove Corbett off. Corbett, still on the defensive, and using his feet with wonderful ability, continued his jabbing tactics, landing squarely on Jeffries's mouth. Jeffries followed his man round, patiently waiting for a chance to put in a smash; but Corbett kept him constantly moving with rapid leg work and swift movements with his arms. Corbett's feinting and jabs were very fast, but his punches had little power. He put his left into Jeffries's face almost at will. Jeffries then cut loose with a terrific rush and drove Corbett headlong to ropes, at the same time ripping the right solidly to the ribs. Corbett got away and hustled around the ring twice at long range. Jeffries was patient still, and jumping in with all his power he almost lifted Corbett off the ground with a left in the stomach. Corbett, still shifting around, put a left to the face and then swung the right to the side of the head. It was a beautiful piece of punching, but it had little power in it. Jeffries laughed good-naturedly, and was still patiently following his man at the gong. On points so far Corbett had an easy thing. Round 3. Corbett backed around with fast leg work as soon as they came up. Then, quick as a flash, he put his left to the nose. Jeff grinned and came running in with heavy swings, but Corbett was not there; instead he was at long range shuffling, side-stepping, backing around, and at times running at full speed. Jeff was patient, and finally with a rush he drove Corbett to the ropes for a clinch. Corbett, still at long range, landed a couple of light lefts in the body, and Jeff with a swing to the jaw shook Corbett a trifle. Jeff tried rushing tactics, and Corbett was still able to keep away. His legs were standing the fast work in good shape. Jeff, however, was taking his time, and had plenty of strength to use later on. Corbett continued his feinting and shuffling until Jeff chased him into a clinch. Corbett then tried a couple of swings, and was driven to a corner, where a right-hand body punch clearly distressed him, and sent him to his (Corbett's) corner worried. It was Jeff's first effective blow of the fight, and a corker. Round 4. Corbett ran into a clinch. As they broke Corbett tried the right for the body and ducked under a heavy left-hand swing. Corbett tried right and left and Jeffries countered hard on the ear with a right. Then Jeffries rushed his man into a clinch near the ropes, the referee breaking them. Corbett, very cautious and still sparring, used his legs some more, but Jeffries followed rapidly now and landed a tremendous punch in the body. Corbett backed away and Jeffries rushed him to a corner, where he pounded the pompadour boxer's ribs again with right and left. Corbett retreated immediately and was chased around the ring by Jeffries, who, getting to close quarters, hammered him on the head and body with frightful force. Corbett clinched, but whenever they broke Jeffries was after him with a great rush and landed heavily wherever he struck him. Corbett's speed was leaving him now, it seemed, and he could not keep away as well as he had done before. Jeffries reached the jaw with a left hook and Corbett hung on. A left in the stomach and a right that grazed the jaw sent Corbett to his corner puzzled. Jeffries's attack seemed to be wearing him down. Round 5. Jeffries came up with deliberation. He was in no great hurry. Corbett fiddled with his hands, but did not do the running that he had done in the previous rounds. Instead he shuffled around rather slowly in comparison to his previous work, and his blows were not hard enough to hurt the big champion. Jeff did a little sparring on his own account, and then made a face at the pompadour boxer, which brought a laugh from the crowd. Corbett, after feeling about for a moment, drove a right to the body. It was a good punch, but it did not keep the big fellow off. Corbett tried a left for the head with success, and then scooted away as Jeff bored in with terrific swings. Jeff drove his man to the ropes with a

swing which he brought back-handed to the mouth, and Corbett clinched. Corbett did more left-hand jabbing, but Jeff chased him across the ring like a bull and ripped in blows to the body that made Corbett grit his teeth. Jeff landed a hook on the jaw which nettled Corbett, and the latter clinched hard to save himself, for Jeff was on top of him with tremendous blows when the bell ended the rally. Round 6. Corbett came up still lively on his feet and danced around the entire four sides of the ring before Jeffries got to him. Then Jeffries missed a swing for the head, Corbett countering on the eye with the left. Corbett tried a right, which landed over the eye, but Jeffries only shook his head and continued to force the fight. Corbett used all the floor room possible, Jeffries following him with a laugh on his face and a terrific power in his punches. Jeffries chased his man into a corner and hit him over the eye with a left, at the same time driving a right to the heart. Corbett avoided a swinging rally with beautiful skill and also met a rush with a piece of side-stepping that made the crowd applaud. Corbett was still fast in getting away, but Jeffries did not seem to mind that and was continually forcing the issue. Though Jeffries did not land many blows, whatever he did put in were like sledge hammers compared to the tack-hammer taps of Corbett. Jeffries, whenever they came together, made Corbett break ground and all of his rushes were backed up with tremendous strength. Corbett seemed to be tired at the end of this round. Round 7. Corbett got into a clinch immediately. Then he swung right and left for the head, Jeff countering on the body. Jeff blocked a couple more lefts, and Corbett then received some hard blows on the body. Jeff was coming with persistence all this time, and he drove Corbett around the ring until the pompadour boxer stopped in a corner. There they clinched, and getting out of it Jeff bored in like a bull, chasing Corbett around the ring. They got into a terrific exchange of swings after that, and Jeff reached the jaw squarely with the left. Corbett was not feazed, but instead he mixed it warmly until they clinched, but Jeff continued his attack until Corbett was tired, and went to his corner slightly leg-weary. His speed was leaving him, it seemed, and he was puffing slightly while in his chair. This was the best round so far. Round 8. Jeffries had a slight swelling under the right eye as he came up. Corbett opened the ball with a left on the body, and then swung a right to the ear. Jeffries bored in with a left-hand body punch that made Corbett clinch, and as they got away Corbett landed a light left on the mouth. Jeffries forced his man to the ropes, but Corbett got away nicely, and put in two rapid lefts to the eye. Jeffries chased his man to another corner and hooked a left for the jaw, but Corbett blocked it. Corbett retreated across the ring with Jeffries in full pursuit and then ducked away from a terrific left. Corbett came up with a jump and swung a right to the jaw. It landed all right, but Jeffries was still coming with ponderous blows which meant harm if they landed. Corbett now began to stand up to his man instead of sprinting, and he used his right on the body. Jeffries was awkward in comparison, but he was the stronger. Corbett finished this round with a very fine rally which set his friends wild. He seemed to have recovered his speed. Round 9. Corbett blocked a rush and then going in very fast with right and left swings, he made Jeff retreat to the ropes. Corbett swung a terrific right to the jaw and Jeff staggered. Then Corbett cut loose. He was a fighting machine for keeps. He rained in the blows with lightning rapidity until Jeff was for the moment bewildered, but the champion recovered in a moment and Corbett rested up. After a few seconds Corbett went in again with left and right swings and had Jeff worried. They got clinched and Corbett narrowly escaped hitting the referee in the head. Corbett landed blows without number on Jeff's face with wonderful speed, but Jeff was still there rushing with bull strength, and putting in tremendous blows to the chest and stomach. Corbett finally let up with his attack, probably because he was rather tired, and Jeff laughed, and finished the round with a hard rally. The cheering was deafening because of Corbett's remarkable work. He had the round with plenty to spare. Round 10. Corbett danced up from his corner with plenty of life, and put in a couple of facers to Jeffries's left eye. Jeffries swung wildly, and Corbett ducking came up in a clinch. Corbett was just as fast on his feet now as he was in the first round. He did not use his feet so much, however, but stood up and fought. He whipped in the blows right and left to Jeffries's face, and did it so rapidly that the champion did not know from whence to expect them. Jeffries was slow and awkward, but still very strong. Corbett's science was a magnificent exhibition, and it seemed that if he could keep it up to the end he would surely win on points. Corbett got into a hot exchange of swings, and landed a right on Jeffries's jaw. Jeffries then rushed into a clinch, and Corbett, getting away, stood up and sparred with confidence. He blocked several drives to the body, and used his feet in getting away from head blows. Jeffries was coming all the time, but Corbett met him with skill, and blocked him beautifully. This was Corbett's round on points. Round 11. Corbett jumped out of his chair with alacrity. He landed a left in the face with great speed and then ran away from a rush, which drove him to a corner. Jeff was slow and cumbersome, but he swung a left under the ear that took the smile off Corbett's face. Corbett then stood up to him and hooked in a left to the eye that made it swell some more. As they were breaking out of a clinch Corbett jabbed with a left and drew the first blood of the fight from nose and mouth. Corbett's left again went to the face with precision, and the champion looked puzzled. Corbett stood up to the big fellow, jabbed him in the eye with another left and then mixed it. Jeff dropped his hands and looked disgusted. Then he tried a left on the head and missed. Corbett stood in again and mixed it up with more than an even break for himself. Corbett drew Jeffries into a corner for a final clinch just as the bell sounded. This was Corbett's round. Round 12. Corbett blocked a rush with great cleverness. He ducked away from a heavy left for the jaw and then whipped in his own left to the mouth. In a clinch both used free hands. Jeffries landed heavily on the ribs. Corbett met him with a straight left in a rush to the mouth. Jeffries stood up to Corbett, who still landed the left in the face whenever he let it go. Corbett was cool and confident now, while Jeffries seemed to be somewhat puzzled because of his inability to land an effective punch. Corbett landed more chopping lefts in the face, which was now spattered with gore, but Jeffries was just as strong on his legs as he ever was before. Jeffries got close and drove the left into the body. Corbett became playful and grabbing Jeffries's left in his hand he drew the champion to him and tried to upper-cut him on the chin. Corbett poured in the jabs after that and hung to Jeffries's left with his own right while he was doing it. This he did continually, White being compelled to break the men. On points this was Corbett's round. Round 13. Corbett blocked a rush with beautiful judgment as a starter. Then he stood up and played with the champion in point of boxing and foot work. Jeff landed a right hand smash over the heart and a left near the solar plexus which made Corbett more serious. Jeff went in again with determination, but Corbett ducked away from the left and blocked the right. Jeff was looking for a knock-out now and he rushed Jem to a corner, where he got the right to the cheek. Corbett was slower than usual and took no chances. He did some clever body checking and laughed good-naturedly at the champion whenever they came together. Jeff then drove Corbett across the ring in a tremendous rally. Jeff's blows were fearful, but somehow he could not get anyone of them to a vital spot. He was as strong as a bull, but Corbett had the science and knew how to avoid him. Round 14. Corbett stood up to a rush and clinched. As they were getting out of it Jeff swung heavily to the eye with the right and Corbett countered sharply on the mouth. Jeff was constantly coming with his big frame and tried to wear the former champion down. Corbett jabbed him in the mouth and nose for more blood and then danced away from a fierce rush. Jeff went to him with more tremendous blows, but Corbett blocked them with his superb defence and was unhurt. Corbett just ducked away from another terrific left, which came backhanded, however, to the neck. Jeff paid no attention to the left hand jabs which were shot rapidly into his face, but was now fighting to wear his man into a state of submission. He kept boring in and with a left he shook Jem up so that Corbett clinched. Jeff forced the fight now faster than before and barely missed the jaw with a right hand swing that would have put Corbett out of business. This round was in favour of Jeffries, who did the bulk of the work. Round 15. Corbett began his jig-stepping and fast sprinting as soon as they came up, but Jeffries rushed with vigour, and getting him on the ropes, he hit Corbett heavily on the neck with a right. Corbett got out of this predicament with skill and resumed his left-hand jabs. They got into a clinch, and Jeffries laid his weight on Corbett until White went between them. Jeffries tried another rush and Corbett met it with ease. As they got away Jeffries shook his opponent's head with a right on the ear and then ran in with a left on the neck. Jeffries was the aggressor now, and Corbett seemed to be letting up in the matter of landing blows. They got into an exchange of swings soon after that, but Corbett was not feazed. Jeffries, with sheer weight and strength, almost pushed Corbett over with his left against the jaw, but Corbett grabbed him around the neck and kept his feet. Corbett was laughing a greater part of the time, and when he took his corner he told his seconds that he could stay the limit without any trouble. Round 16. As they got into a clinch and the referee ordered a break, Corbett said, smilingly, "Why don't you break, Jem?" The champion smiled, and they separated. Corbett worked the left into the face with his former rapidity, Jeffries paying little attention to the blows and wading in to land a settler. Corbett's leg work was so fine that the crowd broke into cheering as he avoided a long rush and wound up with a clinch. Jeffries, however, forced the fight, and reached the body with a couple of heavy lefts. Jeffries got a right to the ear, and then chased Corbett to the ropes, where the latter clinched effectively. Corbett's left beat a tattoo on the champion's nose, but Jeffries was not feazed, and swung terrific blows to the head, which were avoided by the cleanest kind of ducking. Jeffries narrowly escaped hitting the referee with a flying punch, and said "Excuse me." The round was even up. Round 17. As Jeff rushed in with his ponderous hands flying, Corbett whipped in the left to the nose again and crossed the right to the jaw. Jeff kept on rushing, and Corbett assumed his best defence. Corbett planted his left again and again on Jeff's face, while the champion, though he swung many terrific smashes, could not land them in the right place. Corbett's exhibition was perfection. Some hitting in a clinch called forth a cry of foul, but there was nothing to it. Corbett feinted so fast that Jeff looked like a novice, and seemed embarrassed. Corbett was getting away rather slowly when Jeff put a tremendous left to the jaw, and almost sent Corbett down with a right in the body. Corbett bounded off the ropes and stood up manfully to the attack which followed. Jeff had the round on work. Round 18. Jeffries was instructed to go right after his man, and he proceeded to do so. He rushed with a left to the body, Corbett countering on the mouth. Jeffries was coming fast and strong with punches that if they landed were bound to do damage. Corbett looked out for them, however, and displayed splendid judgment. Jeffries got to the neck and body with effect, being heedless of all the jabs that Corbett rained into his face. Corbett backed away from another fierce rush, and put up such a fine defence that Jeffries seemed puzzled where to try to hit him. Jeffries swung the right for the jaw, and it flew over Corbett's head. Jeffries rushed in with a left to the pit of the stomach, and put another to the side of the head. Corbett stood up to it, but he did not do much countering, because Jeffries kept him too busy defending himself. Jeffries wound up the round with a left in the body and a terrific right over the kidneys. This round belonged to the champion on work Round 19. Jeff opened with a fruitless rush. As Corbett side-stepped out of the way. Jeff went at him again, but his left to the body was blocked. Again Jeff rushed, and Corbett, side-stepping, avoided a smash for the jaw. Corbett at long range landed a light chop on the eye, which had little effect. Jeff advanced another time and rained the punches in so hard that Corbett clinched. Jeff piled in again with tremendous vigour and knocked Corbett down with a right swing on the jaw. Corbett jumped up quickly, but Jeff was after him fast and he had to clinch. Jeff landed a right swing over the ear and brought a little drop of blood from it. Corbett danced away as well as he could and landed a few jabs, but Jeff had the power and strength to keep up his attack, which perceptibly weakened the former champion and took away from him much of his speed. Corbett held on to Jeff's left hand in a clinch and the champion with a right pounded his kidneys. There was a cry of "foul," but it was not just. This round was Jeff's, and Corbett finished very tired. Round 20. Jeffries rushed out of his corner on the run. He drove in the left to the ribs and Corbett stood away. Jeffries rushed again and Corbett retreated full tilt. They exchanged lefts on the neck, Corbett walking round and fighting at long range. Jeffries rushed incessantly, but now Corbett had made up his mind to keep away no matter if he did not land a blow. He sprinted around the ring as fast as he could, while Jeffries followed ready to put him out if he could land on the right spot. Corbett was finally hissed by the crowd for running, but he had a perfect right to run, for that was what the ring was there for. Corbett stopped long enough to put a light jab on the face, but when Jeffries rushed him once more he ran at top speed. Jeffries finally got to him with a left hook on the neck and Corbett clinched. Jeffries tried hard to get to close quarters, but Corbett was bound to keep away and in that he proved successful. It was Jeffries's round on work. Round 21. Corbett began to run like a racehorse as soon as they came up. Jeff followed as fast as he could and finally drove Corbett to a corner, where they clinched. Jeff swung a left for the head and Corbett got away. Corbett put a right on the nose and danced around on the defensive after that, Jeff going to him with persistency, but not with much success. Jeff kept on working until finally with a couple of lefts on the jaw he had Corbett worried. Corbett landed left and right on the head, but Jeff jolted him on the jaw with a left and made him clinch, when he put the right into the stomach. Jeff was doing the real fighting now, and whenever he landed a punch Corbett weakened. Jeff tried to get to the jaw with a right cross-counter, but was high. Jeff chased Corbett around two sides of the ring on the run, only to be clinched. The round was concluded by Jeff getting to the body and kidneys. It was the champion's round. Round 22. Jeffries rushed away across the ring, and landed a left on the stomach that almost sent Corbett down. Then he cut loose, and with frightful smashes he nearly lifted Corbett off the floor. Corbett clinched, and used his legs in defence, also driving in the left to the face, but Jeffries was coming all the time with remarkable strength. The champion put a right over the heart that did damage, and tried a left for the jaw, which was ducked. Corbett received two more punches in the stomach and clinched. Jeffries would not let him run now, because he kept on top of his man with tremendous blows. Jeffries never let up in his attack, but Corbett's left hand counters drew the blood from the champion's mouth once more. Corbett was visibly worried, and clinched at every opportunity. Jeffries worked a left, and getting a right to the stomach, he made Corbett retreat. Corbett finally recovered his equilibrium, and finished with a splendid defence. The round belonged to Jeffries on work. Round 23. Corbett blocked a terrific left for the stomach as a starter and also stopped another blow to the ribs. Jeff got into a mix and shot the left over to the ear. He also put the right to the neck and then rushed Corbett across the ring without landing an effective blow. Corbett jabbed the champion's eye and nose with a left and swung left and right to the neck. Jeff tried a left hook for the jaw, but it was stopped. Corbett had braced perceptibly and was standing up to the game now in good shape, but Jeffries's weight and strength in punching soon drove him off. Jeff finally rushed his man toward the ropes and put in a couple of light taps to the jaw. Corbett retreated, but Jeff, bounding forward, drove a left to the stomach. He followed it with a heavy right high up on the ribs and then shot the left out straight from the shoulder with the force of a hundred-ton weight. The punch caught Corbett squarely on the point of the jaw. He reeled a moment and fell over backward, his head striking the ropes. For a moment it was not thought that he was knocked out, for he tried to rise and seemed about to do so, when his eyes rolled and he sank back helpless. As Corbett collapsed Referee White had been counting off the seconds, and when the fateful ten had elapsed Corbett was out. Considine was in the act of throwing water upon the fallen pugilist, when Jeff, who was standing alongside the ropes, waved Corbett's manager off. They exchanged angry words, but no blows. When Jeff had been officially declared the winner, Corbett's seconds rushed to him and picked him up in their arms. They placed him upon his chair and put a bottle of ammonia under his nose. In a few moments he revived and looked around in apparent astonishment. Jeff was at his side immediately and asked him if he was hurt. Corbett was dazed. "It was a good fight, Jem," said Jeffries, grinning. "I don't remember anything about it," said Corbett. As the champion left the ring he was cheered and then there was a rush to get close to see what Corbett looked like. Jem finally stood up and tottered. Referee White shook hands with him and the former champion held a pow-wow in the middle of the ring. He was still unsteady on his legs, but bore no marks save a slight cut over the left ear. When he climbed through the ropes to go to his dressing room he was wildly applauded for his superb exhibition of the manly art. Though beaten he had not disgraced himself, and made many friends. The time of the round was 2min 11sec.

WHAT THE FIGHTERS SAID.

After the fight Jeffries went immediately to his dressing-room. He took his victory as a matter of course, and accepted congratulations with grimaces. After Tommy Ryan had given him a thorough rub down, Jeffries said:—"Well, I won, but I wish I had done the trick earlier in the fight. My left arm was injured while I was training for Sharkey, and this fact disturbed me quite a little. Every time I tried to use it my shoulder pained me; still I kept on with it, for I knew it was the only hand I could use with effect, as Corbett, got away from the right by wonderful ducking. I was not in the least bit tired, and although I received many cracks in the face none of them seemed to hurt me. Corbett's cleverness was a revelation to me, and he deserves all the credit in the world for the fight he put up against me. I was only tired in one round, and that was the ninth. This was because I made up my mind to knock him out, and got a good rap in the jaw because of carelessness. I wanted to keep forcing it, for I realised that I could win if I did not let up. I won the fight because I forced it, and then tired the other fellow out. I have done a lot of fighting since I won the championship from Fitzsimmons, which will be a year next month. I have indulged in three fights since then, something none of the other heavy-weight pugilists have done. I am going to Paris in August providing I have no other engagements. "Was Corbett the best man you ever met?" "Yes," was the reply. "Sharkey and Fitz were easy compared to him. Some of the friends tell me that I would have been licked had the battle gone the limit. That would have been unjust, because I was cutting out the pace and Corbett was running away. Neither Sharkey nor Fitz did this. I guess Corbett was anxious to stay twenty-five rounds, for he thought he would receive the verdict on points." Corbett was very much disheartened when he got to his room, but brightened up when his manager, George Considine, informed him that he had acquitted himself nobly. The first thing Corbett asked when he recovered his

(*Continued on page* 14.)

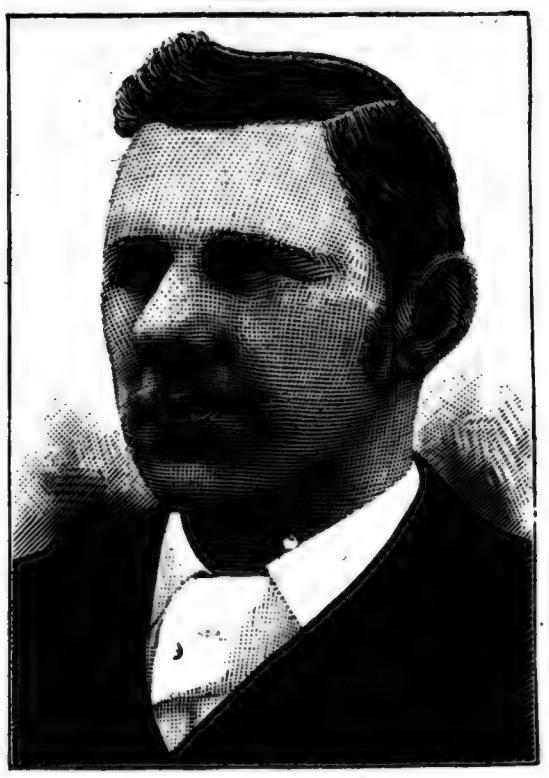
FRED HULZMAN
As the Dying Gladiator.

WOULDN'T STAND HIS MORMON LECTURES.
Tarred and Feathered they Hunted him from the Town.

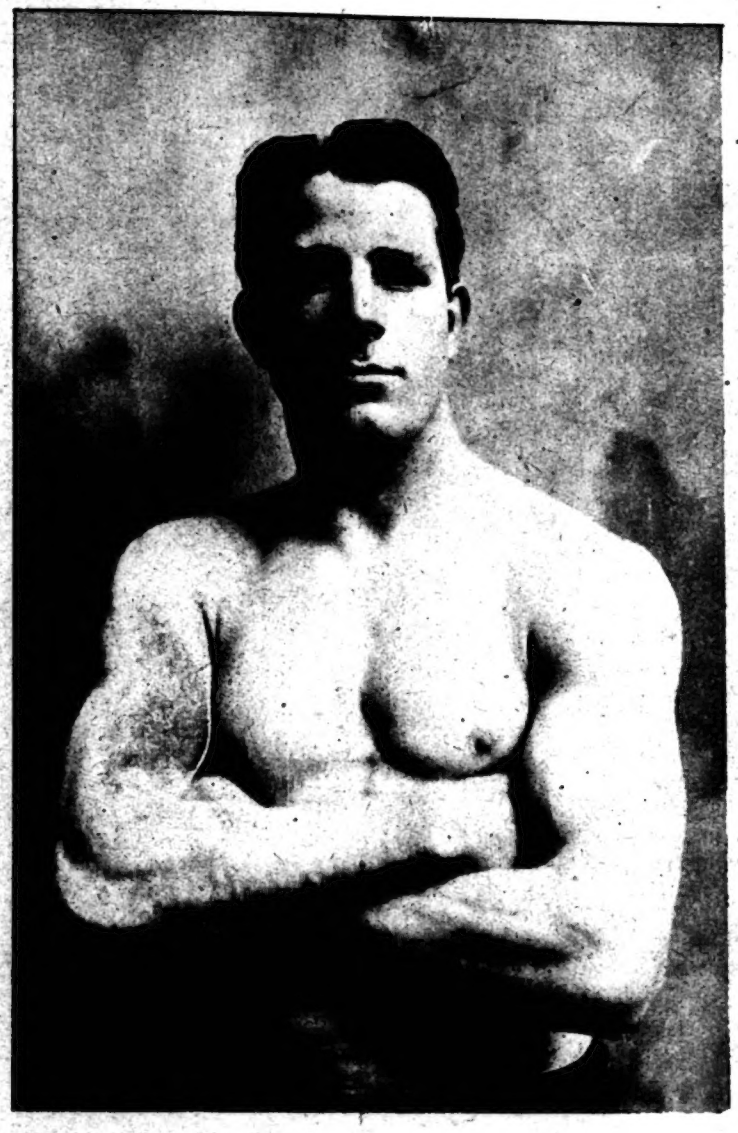
RIVALS IN TRADE HAVE A SCRAPPING MATCH.
Scratching and Hair-pulling to Get Even with their Opponents.

E. DODDS,
A Boxer at 8st 10lb, who has Won Several Events.

GENERAL GATACRE,
Lately Serving with the Forces in South Africa.

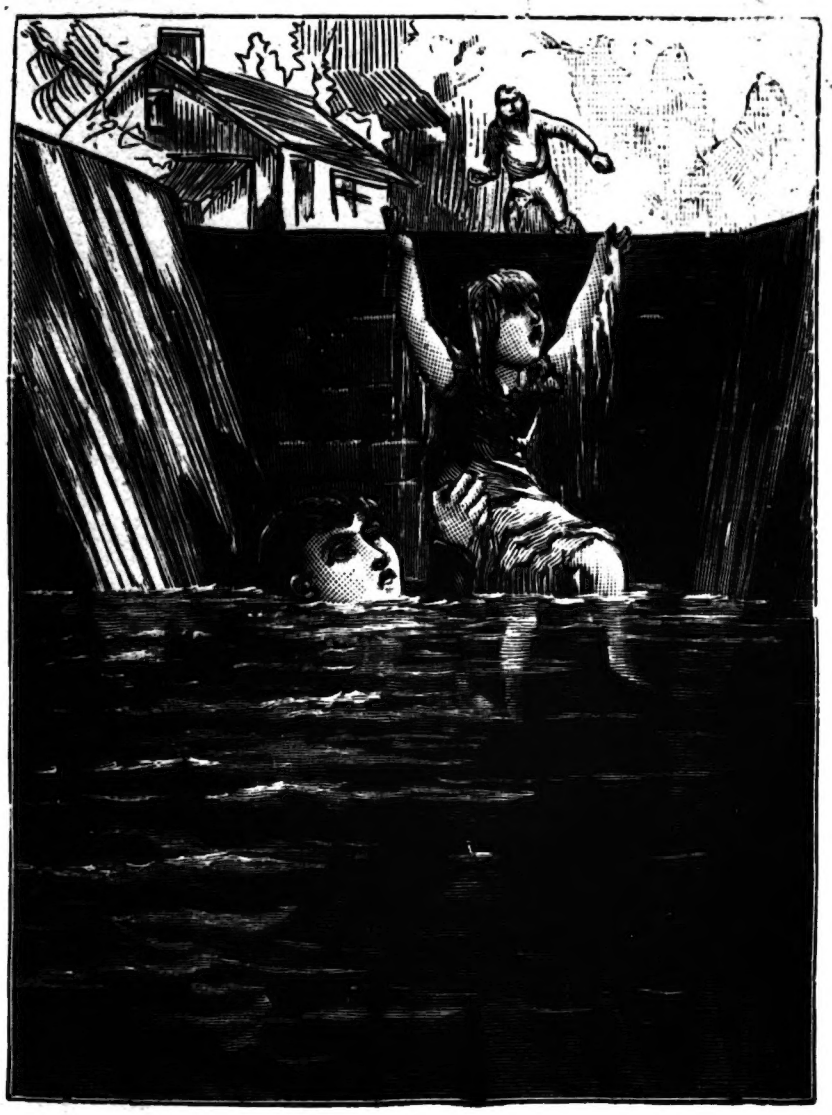


MR. JOHN WARNER,
Proprietor of the Kew Garden Hotel, Kew.

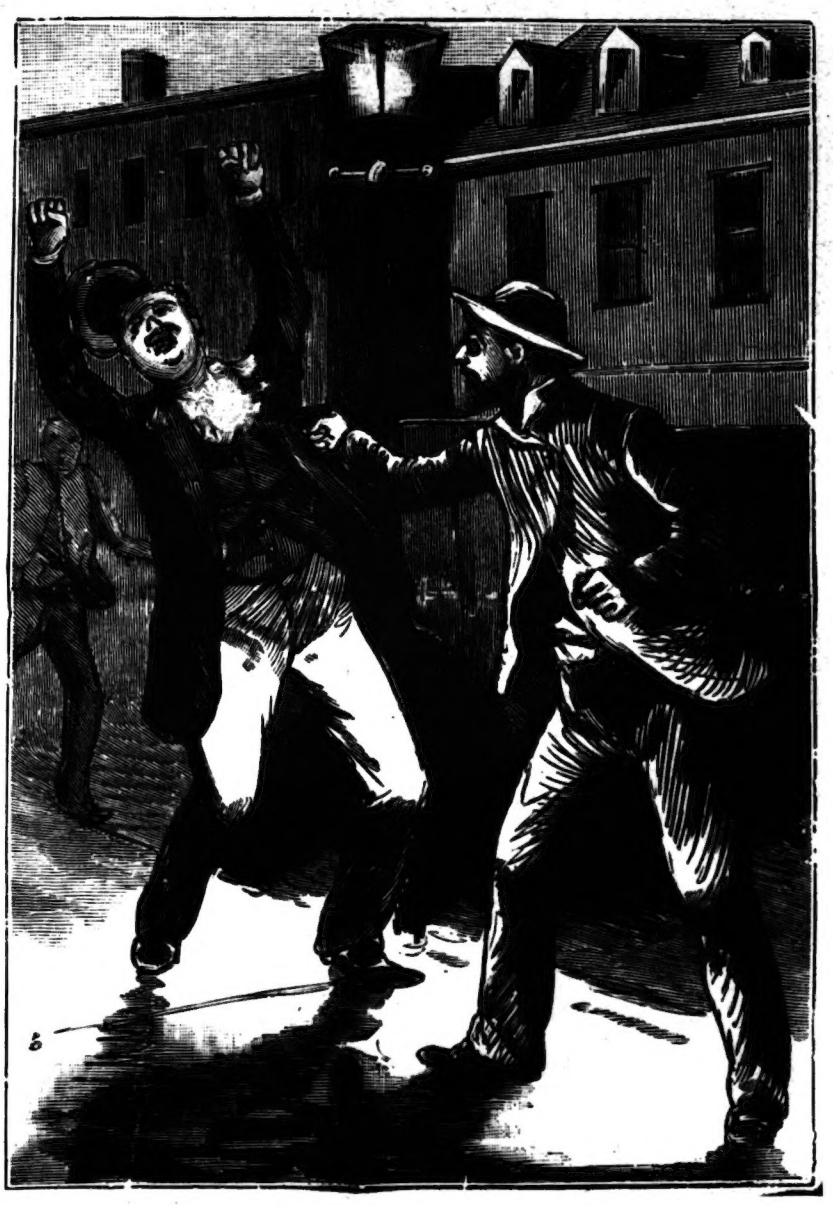


AL NEILL,
The Coming Middle-Weight Champion of America, who Recently Defeated Tim Murphy, Champion of Australia.

PROFESSOR J. PERRY SMITH,
An All-round Sport of Belfast, with his Two Well-known St. Bernards Dogs.



BOTH ARE SAVED FROM A WATERY GRAVE.
An Accident which Imperils Two Lives.



SHOT BY A STRIKER IN ST. LOUIS.
What Labour Troubles Bring in their Train in America.

(Continued from page 11.)

composure was: "What blow did it?" When told it was a left on the jaw, he said: "I tried to avoid that all night, but it seems that he caught me. I would surely have won, for I had things all my own way. Although I am beaten and the championship is not to be mine, after all I have one consolation and that is that I did my best. I was confident from the start and did everything I knew to gain a victory. Jeff did not hurt me as much as some people thought. He got to my body quite often I'll admit, but the punches were more of the glancing order and did not do so very much damage. Up to the time I was knocked out I would not have sold my end of the purse for 50,000dols. I saw victory within my grasp, and that is all there is to it."

Measurements of the Fighters.

	Jeffries.	Corbett.
Age	25 years	33 years
Neck	17½in	17in
Chest, normal	44in	42in
Chest, expanded	49in	44½in
Waist	34in	32in
Height	6ft 1½in	6ft 0½in
Arms extended	76½in	74½in
Girth of biceps	16in	14in
Girth of forearm	13in	12½in
Girth of thighs	24½in	22in
Calf	17½in	14½in
Wrist	8in	7½in
Weight	212lb	182lb

RECORD OF JAMES J. CORBETT.

1886.			Rounds.
Billy Welch	L.	San Francisco	4
Billy Welch	K.	San Francisco	1
1887.			
Jack Burke	D.	San Francisco	8
1888.			
Frank Glover	D.	San Francisco	3
1889.			
Joe Choynski	P.	Fairfax, Cal.	4
Joe Choynski	K.	Benecia, Cal.	27
Joe Choynski	W.	San Francisco	4
Dave Campbell	D.	Portland	10
1890.			
Jake Kilrain	W.	New Orleans	6
M. Donovan	E.	New York	3
Dom. McCaffrey	W.	Brooklyn	4
1891.			
Peter Jackson	D.	San Francisco	61
J. L. Sullivan	E.	San Francisco	4

1891.			Rounds.
Jem Hall	E.	Chicago	4
Ed. Kinney	W.	Milwaukee	4
1892.			
Bill Spillings	W.	New York	1
Bob Caffrey	W.	New York	1
J. Lennon	N D.	New York	—
J. L. Sullivan	W.	New Orleans	21
1894.			
C. Mitchell	K.	Jacksonville	3
P. Courtney	K.	Orange, N.J.	6
Thomas Sharkey	D.	San Francisco	4
Jem McVey	E.	New York	3
1897.			
Bob Fitzsimmons	L.	Carson City	14
1898.			
Tom Sharkey	L F.	New York	9
1900.			
J. J. Jeffries	L.	Coney Island	23

L., lost; K., knockout; D., draw; P., police; W., won; E., exhibition; N. D., no decision; L. F., lost on foul.

RECORD OF CHAMPION JAMES J. JEFFRIES.

1897.			Rounds.
T. Van Buskirk	K.	San Francisco	2
Dick Baker	K.	San Francisco	9
Gus Ruhlin	D.	San Francisco	20
Joe Choynski	D.	San Francisco	20
1898.			
Joe Goddard	W.	Los Angeles	4
Peter Jackson	W.	San Francisco	3
Pete Everetts	W.	San Francisco	3
Tom Sharkey	W.	San Francisco	20
Bob Armstrong	W.	New York	10
1899.			
Bob Fitzsimmons	K.	Coney Island	11
Tom Sharkey	W.	Coney Island	25

BOXING AT WONDERLAND, Saturday.—There was a good attendance and a good bill of fare at the above on Saturday evening last. The camp of the Israelites is pitched very strong in this neighbourhood, and naturally much feeling enters into the contentions between the Israelite and the Philistine; but the same rowdyism as exhibited the other evening by Jew boys, who ought to have known better, was the original cause of the downfall of the prize ring. We hope the sheenies, who were such obstructives recently, if they desire a peaceful time for modern boxing, will lay this to heart, and take for their motto: "A clear stage and no favour to Jew, Gentile, or black." Details: Eight Rounds Contest: George Ware (Mile End) v. Nat Keyser (Aldgate).—In the opening rounds, Keyser obtained a slight lead, but from the third meeting Ware was the aggressor. He fought in the pluckiest possible manner, and by the aid of a couple of nasty right digs on the body, weakened Keyser. The latter came up much refreshed for the seventh meeting, and joining issue with his rival in some fierce fighting, they each did splendidly. The final round was of a ding-dong character, and at the close the set-to was adjudged a draw. Both lads were vociferously and deservedly applauded as they left the ring. Mr. Joe Smith offered them a purse to meet again in the near future, and this was accepted. Eight Rounds Contest: Dummy Forest (Bethnal Green) beat Tom Smith (Bethnal Green).—This was a return set-to between these well-matched lads. Both were eager to start, and the afflicted lad, after receiving two props on the nasal organ, rushed to close quarters and effected plenty of mischief. Smith replied with some well-meant blows, and at the close of the initial round they were engaged in a hot rally on the ropes. The next two stages produced some rare slogging, and each in turn had to ease up for a breather. Forest was the stronger, and during the fourth essay planted a number of punches on his rival's head. Smith stood up manfully, and in the early part of the fifth round made a gallant attempt to turn the tide in his favour. Forest, however, got home a punishing drive on the mouth, which completely dazed his opponent, who immediately afterwards received his quietus. Eight Rounds Contest: Alf Holden (Kennington) beat Harry Edwards (Bethnal Green).—The former made a very slow start, and was content to stop the leads made at him. The initial round saw Edwards obtain an advantage, but at the next attempt the South Londoner showed improved form, and indulged in some spirited exchanges. Alf more than once made suspicious use of his shoulder, but subsequently did well with both hands. Spirited work was the outcome of the sixth and seven rounds, but Holden scored the quicker, and following up his lead he added a number of points in the concluding stage. When the end was reached the official ultimatum was declared in Holden's favour. Eight Rounds Contest: Jack Calder (Stratford) beat Jack Daly (Bethnal Green).—The Stratford lad was much the bigger of the twain, and as soon as the hand-shaking was over he took the initiative. Daly was forced all over the ring, but his adversary, in his anxiety to bring about a speedy termination, made several misses. Daly took advantage of these by sending the left on the mouth, but for this he was amply repaid, and was very groggy when the interval was announced. Entering upon the second stage Calder rushed in, and with both hands did considerable damage, and compelled Daly to acknowledge defeat before the round ended. Eight Rounds Contest: Nutty Williams (Hoxton) beat Bob Fowler (Mile End).—Although at a disadvantage in height and length of reach, Williams was much the better boxer. He quickly assumed the aggressive, and, making rapid movements with both hands, quickly took a lead. Fowler fought a deal on the retreat, and was closely pressed by Nutty, who proved himself a capable lad with either hand. Fowler received a jolt on the chin, which sent him staggering to the ropes, and directly afterwards a bang on the body nearly doubled him, but time came to his assistance. The second round was of a very one-sided character, and before it reached its allotted length, Fowler was compelled to retire. Six Rounds Contest: Alf Leeper (Stratford) beat Jim Sweeney (Canning Town).—The first-mentioned made good use of a longer reach, and by the end of the second round he held a substantial lead. For some time after this Sweeney did useful service, and strove hard to avert defeat. He suffered in comparison with his adversary's cleverness, and in the end Leeper won, with a trifle to spare. Two members of the Queen Victoria A.C. indulged in six heavy rounds, and as a wind-up Sid Scales (St. Luke's) and Tom King (Aldgate) indulged in a trio of well-contested rounds.

G. HOOPER, OF SALFORD, WILL box T. Paseley or young Snow according to their challenge, and will meet either in London or Birmingham for from £25 to £50 a-side, if any boxing promoter will give a purse.

HARRY NORRIS, OF MITCHAM, would like to box "Jumbo" Smith, Harry Grant, or Jack Shelton, if any boxing promoter will provide a purse.

BOXING AT NEWCASTLE (HEXHAM House).—Bob Wilson (Newcastle) v. Tom O'Niel (Gateshead). — Early last week Jemmy Lowes arranged the above contest, which was for £15 a-side and a purse given by the Hexham House proprietor, where the event under notice took place. Every inch of ground was occupied when the men took the ring. There were all sorts and conditions of sportsmen present, from the highest to the lowest grade. The speculation was heavier than we have seen at any contest for a very long while, and while the fives, tenners, and even ponies were flying about among the "clarss," the minor punting was heavy at odds of 5 to 4 on Wilson, though a few with a very strong fancy for O'Niel supported him at evens. Wilson seemed very cool as he faced his taller opponent, and had rather a more attractive style of sparring than O'Niel. It was not long before he revealed his tactics, time after time landing stinging rights low down. O'Niel seemed harassed by this, and was to blame for clinches. In the second round O'Niel fared somewhat better. Wilson receiving a snick on the jaw that quietened him. After this, up to the middle of the sixth round, however, Wilson did most of the fighting, and put in work certainly much heavier than O'Niel. His chief objective was O'Niel's body, and sickening indeed were the thuds which accompanied his blows. But he played the game in most unorthodox fashion, keeping leading with the right for the body time after time, in spite of warnings to keep his guard and lead with the left. By so doing he was open to O'Niel's right at almost every lead, and in the sixth round Tom landed on the spot he had been dangerously near so many times before. The fight did last into the next round, but after the blow which sent Wilson to the boards it seemed any odds on O'Niel. The fight was of a similar nature to that of Smith and Gibson recently, when the man who had led throughout was beaten by a well-timed right. O'Niel would certainly not have gone so far, but for the support he got in the holding.

HEXHAM HOUSE SALOON, Newcastle.—As attractive as ever was the bill of fare put before his patrons by Mr. James Lowes, at the Hexham House Saloon, Newcastle, on Saturday evening last. The promise of a good evening's sport drew together a very large gathering of spectators, who appreciated to the full the excellence of the entertainment. The inaugural business was a three rounds spar between T. Wilson and Young Connolly, and they gave every satisfaction by their display of fisticuffs, whilst two new exponents, A. Elliott and T. Stevenson, made a most satisfactory show. It is needless for us to state that the three rounds given by Jack Tait and Jack Jones were of a most interesting kind, for both are among the cleverest of exponents of the art hereabouts. It was a most exhilarating set-to between B. Brydon, of Felling, and Tim Elliott, of West Stanley, for they went at it in most energetic fashion. Thus far the show had been of a most enjoyable description, and that which followed was of an equally enjoyable character. The chief event was an eight rounds contest between T. Russell, of Carlisle, and J. Sharp, of Newcastle, and this affair created a very great amount of interest. Speculation was rife at 6 to 4 on Sharp. In the first round Sharp played his left on body and face so well that at the call of time he had a very substantial lead on points. In the second round both started well, but before a minute had elapsed the Cumbrian managed to get the right on Sharp's jaw, which floored the Novocastrian. Gamely he rose, but only to be knocked down time after time till the end of the round. When they came to time for the third round, Russell saw that his opponent was weak, and he rapidly took advantage of the opportunity, and set about Sharp so effectively that seeing he had no chance of winning, Mr. Lowes judiciously stopped the contest, the verdict being awarded to Russell. "Spider" Carr seconded the winner, and J. Tait the loser. Sam Francis was referee and Martin Nealis timekeeper. On Saturday next Tim Elliott and J. Lloyd are matched to box the best of eight rounds.

PADDY McCARROL, AS THE ONLY middle-weight pupil of James McPherson, ex-10st 4lb champion of Scotland, would like to have a trial with any man in Scotland or Ireland, J. Lundi or Dick Kennedy, of Scotland, Miler Keough, Donnybrook, of Dublin, preferred.

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TED LEE, OF CANNING TOWN, will box Ted Surgy any number of rounds for the best purse offered.

ANOTHER AMATEUR BOXER FOR the front.—R. Chambers, the well-known amateur boxer and member of the Anchor Boxing Club, will shortly sail for South Africa, having joined the Imperial Yeomanry. It will be remembered that R. Chambers ran up in the bantam weight championship of 1895, and it was only after an extra round that P. Lunn received the verdict, and only a month ago he won the Belsize 9st open competition somewhat easily. He will take with him the best wishes for success and safe return of all the members of the Anchor Boxing Club and all that know him.

FAIR ASPIRANTS FOR HONOURS ON THE STAGE.

Tuition in Calisthenics at the Dancing Academy.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE art of dancing exercises a gracefulness and promotes the beautiful, while adding strength to the female figure, and before a lady is eligible for the stage she must undergo a strict course of instruction in calisthenics, where every muscle is brought into play, and her figure thereby is considerably improved. There are several institutions in London where anyone so desirous can enter and gain instruction. Here probably will be seen some of the handsomest and graceful women, who in future will display their evolutions to a critical audience.

"LOOK OUT" FOR THE COLLECTOR AND PAY UP.

The Skeleton in the Cupboard Makes a Demand.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE boys of the Wild West have no fear of anything breathing, yet are curiously superstitious, and spooks, ghosts, or things uncanny can do no business with these gentlemen. After painting the town red, and filling themselves with bad whisky, they invariably have recourse to the doctors. At one of the drinking shops a notice was posted, "This is the doctor's office. Look out for the collector." On touching a button the door flew open, and a skeleton pistol in hand with a large placard sprang forward, displaying the announcement, "Pay the doctor or take this dose of physic," which meant a dose of lead.

SHOT BY A STRIKER IN ST. LOUIS.

What Labour Troubles Bring in Their Train in America.

(Subject of Illustration.)

THE labour troubles in America have been frequent, not only in New York, but also in other important cities. St. Louis is the last place to feel the effect of a large body of men opposed to the capitalists, and in all such cases there are several headstrong and violent men who cannot be restrained from acts which every reasonable man must lament. During the tram strike a driver named C. Brooker shot with intent to murder a superintendent. The latter is dangerously wounded, and his assailant is in custody.

"FREE" THE LANDLORD'S NAME, BUT NOT THE BEER.

And oh! Such a Lot of Disappointed Visitors.

(Subject of Illustration.)

WHERE there is anything given away there will sure to be not a few to take advantage of the opportunity. So to advertise his establishment, a gentleman hit upon what he considered a novel experiment. A large placard outside the door in bold relief stood out plainly to the eye "Beer," and under this the word "Free." Of course, a crowd quickly collected, and a few of the boldest entered, quite expecting a drink for nothing, but the landlord explained that the word "Free" was his name, and was not to be taken as meaning a gift of beer.

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[ADVT.]

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THE AGED AND TOTTERING

will find SULPHUR BITTERS a wonderful invigorant, giving strength to their tottering footsteps, and enabling them to enjoy life, as they have not done before for years. SULPHUR BITTERS is the best family medicine made, and no household is complete without it.

This remedy will drive from the system every kind of humour.
One or two bottles will cure the worst cases of sick headache.
One bottle will remove that tired and all-gone feeling.
Two or three bottles will cure those ugly pimples on the face.
Three bottles will cure the worst cases of canker in the mouth and stomach.
One to three bottles will cure all humours in the eyes.
Three to five bottles will cure salt-rheum.
Six bottles will cure the worst cases of dropsy.
Three to six bottles will cure dyspepsia in its worst state.
Five to seven bottles will cure that dreadful disease, scrofula.
Three to four bottles will cleanse your system of boils.
Three to four bottles have cured the worst cases of erysipelas.
One bottle will cure nursing sore mouth.
Three to six bottles will literally dig up and drive from your blood all hidden humour.
One to three bottles will regulate the bowels.
One bottle will remove webs and dots before the eyes, and cure dizziness, &c.
Three or four bottles will cure the worst cases of piles.
Ten to twelve bottles will cure the very worst cases of scaly eruptions known.
One bottle will cure wakefulness and lack of energy.
Four to five bottles will cure liver complaint.
One bottle will give you a hearty appetite and increased digestion.
A benefit is always seen from the first bottle, and a cure is certain where the directions are followed.
One or two bottles will cure all running at the ears.
No change of diet is ever necessary; eat as good as you can get, and all you want of it.
Six or eight bottles will cure all rotten or running ulcers.
Two to five bottles will stop premature decay, and fully restore physical manhood when shattered or lost by youthful indiscretions.
Cleanse the vitiated blood when you see its impurities bursting through the skin in pimples, blotches, and sores. Keep the blood pure, and health will follow. SULPHUR BITTERS, the great blood purifier, will cleanse the blood of all vitiated matter, and instead of pale, thin blood, by using this great remedy your blood will soon course freely, pure, rich, and strong through the veins.

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Have you pains in the back? Are you always weary and tired? Do you sometimes feel cold creeping shivers up the small of your back? It is kidney trouble. Do not delay. SULPHUR BITTERS will remove every bad feeling and make you feel well and strong. Do you raise wind? Do you feel dull and oppressed? Have you gnawing pain after eating? Are you irritable and easily angered? It is dyspepsia and indigestion. SULPHUR BITTERS is a sure and speedy cure, performing a work thoroughly. It will make you feel like a new man or woman in a week. Are you troubled with costiveness? Are you dizzy when you bend down and raise yourself again? Do you see all the colours floating before your eyes? Your liver is out of order. SULPHUR BITTERS is an immediate and certain cure. Is your nervous system broken and unstrung? Do you feel miserable all over? Do you feel it a trouble to attend to your every-day affairs? Do you find it difficult to think clearly and steadily? You are in a very dangerous state—but have courage. SULPHUR BITTERS is the very thing needed to make you well and strong. Do not think that these are idle words. Examine yourself closely. Be convinced, for your own sake. Use SULPHUR BITTERS freely. Your reward will be

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